Saturday Review

July 24, 1971 / 50¢

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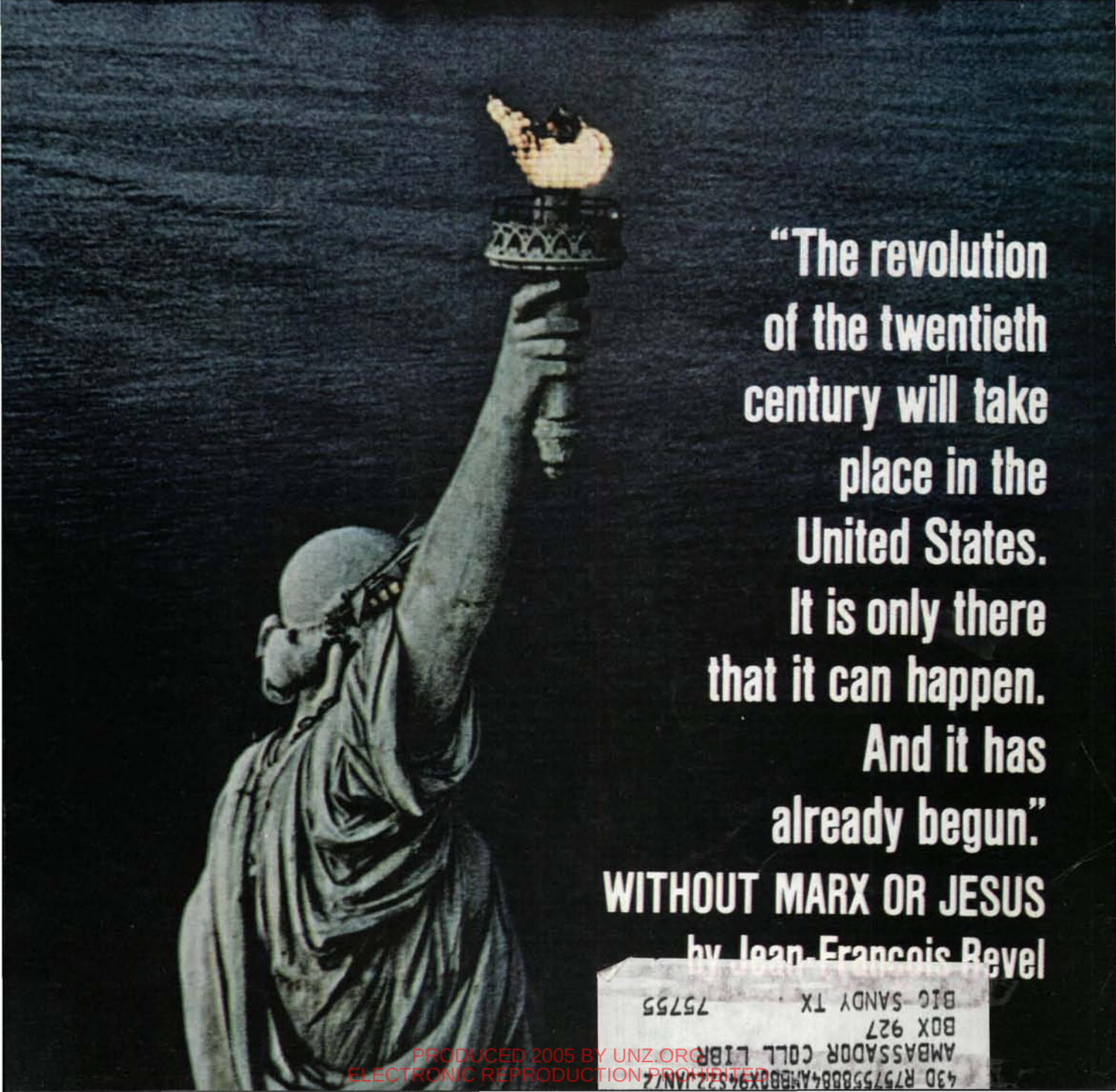

"The revolution of the twentieth century will take place in the United States. It is only there that it can happen. And it has already begun."

WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS

by Jean-François Revel

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WHY VEGA IS PRICED A LITTLE HIGHER THAN OTHER LITTLE CARS.

We admit that Vega isn't the most inexpensive little car you can buy.

Nonetheless, we maintain that, dollar for dollar, Vega is the biggest bargain you can get in little cars.

And we have evidence.

Now you see it.

There are other little cars that came out this year, just like Vega.

Only unlike Vega, they have engines that already existed in other cars. Not Vega. We designed an engine (1) from scratch. Overhead cam. Aluminum block. It'll give you plenty of power. And, in our highway tests, we've been getting about 25 mpg with the standard engine and transmission.

There are other obvious differences between Vega and other little cars, too. Like our wheels and tires (2). They're a little wider than the wheels and tires on most little cars. A little thing? We think anything we can do to make Vega ride and handle better is a big thing indeed.

Another not-so-little thing. The back seat (3). You may never have to use the back seat yourself. But somebody will. And when they do, they'll discover that Vega's back seat is a foam-cushioned seat, complete with frame. Now we realize that may not sound like any big deal, but when you're out comparing little cars, try out the back seats.

The difference is astounding.

Now you don't.

Some of the differences between Vega and most other little cars just can't be seen with the naked eye.

But they're real all the same.

Like protective side-guard door beams (4), for instance. No other little car has them. Vega does.

And front disc brakes (5). Some little cars we know don't have them. But Vega does—nice big 10-inchers. Because we want you to have good stopping power.

And Vega also has a power ventilation system (6). And an acoustically engineered double-panel roof (7). And an electric fuel pump (8). And coil springs at each wheel (9).

And, well, more.

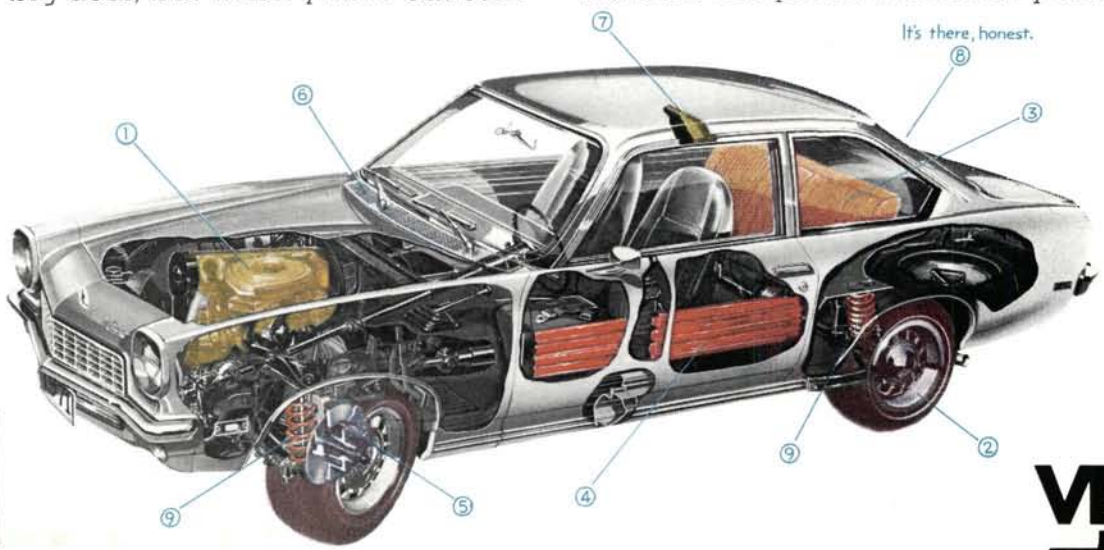
The moral.

We built Vega on the premise that a little car should be just as much car as any big car, only smaller.

And Vega is.

If you still doubt us, compare. Come on in and sit in our seats. Take us for a ride. Read our catalog. Ask us questions.

Vega. In the long run, it just might be the most inexpensive little car you can buy.



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VEGA
CHEVROLET

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YOU'RE BEING ROBBED!

Virtually every time that you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques that include Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal,fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammery is rife throughout the nation and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative, new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth.**

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, Moneysworth is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer–all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneysworth for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Fully Insured)

How to Buy A Car for $125 Over Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account

The New U.S.-Made Minicars: An Evaluation

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"– Moneysworth takes aim at companies that are defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height–A comparison of the safety records of America's airlines.

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

Free Land and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

Send Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative–Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that **Moneysworth** subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?–An amazingly simple chart gives you the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons– Mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials,Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee

The Economics of Being Black

Cashing In on Canada's New "Floating" Dollar

Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

How to Buy Art Without Getting Framed

Critics' Consensus–A regular feature of **Moneysworth** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

"Unit-Pricing"–The most revolutionary development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Effect of Air Pollution on Potency

The Great Odometer Gyp–How rent-a-car companies take the American public for a $10-million-a-year ride.

"No Load" Mutual Funds–A list of 45 funds that return the equivalent of an 8% profit at the very moment of investment.

12 Ways to Put the Touch on Friends–And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance Without Trauma

The Encouragement of Reckless Driving by GM, Chrysler, and Ford–Verbatim quotes from their souped-up ads in hot-rod magazines.

Taking Stock of Your Stockbroker–Nine ways to probe his probity.

Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes

Co-ops and Condominiums Explained

"The Safest Car of 19_"–A new series of annual awards by the editors of **Moneysworth.**

How to Break a Lease

Land Investment in Australia–At $1.20 an acre, land down under rates high among speculators.

How to Sue Without a Lawyer

The Impending Ban on Leaded Gasoline–How it should affect your next car purchase.

A Guide to Legal Abortion–Including the costs in different states.

And Now, Microwave Pollution–An exposé of the damage wrought to humans by radar, electronic ovens, and TV transmission.

Social Security's Special Rules for Women

How Metrecal Hurts Your Diet

Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle–A Hartford actuary tells why he believes that "more than 90% of American policies are sold through misrepresentation, deceit, and fraud."

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money–Without having him *over*value it.

How to Handle Computerized Dunning Letters

Taxproof Money–A collection of highly creative, little-known, perfectly legal gimmicks.

How to Distinguish Health from Hokum at the Health-Food Store

Blindness Caused by Contact Lenses

Don't Buy U.S. Savings Bonds–Why they make a terrible investment, how they undermine sound government fiscal planning, and why one leading investment counsellor says, "They are palmed off mostly on rubes and financial boobs."

G.E.'s New Synthetic Diamonds: Will They Ruin the Value of Real Diamonds?

The Truth about Cut-Rate Gasolines

"No-Fault" Insurance Clarified

Checking Up on Your Social Security Account

That's the Spirit–Big bargains in booze, beer, and brandy.

Stop Chewing the Fat–How to read the new labels on frankfurters.

Free Checks–A list of 200 banks that allow unlimited writing of personal checks.

Bootleg Birth-Control Pills

When in Doubt, Deduct–The ten most common forms of income-tax overpayment.

$99 Fares to Europe

In sum, Moneysworth is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

In format, Moneysworth is a newsletter. It is designed for instantaneous communication and easy reference when you're shopping. It is published *fortnightly*. This ensures you that the information in Moneysworth will always be up-to-the-minute. Product ratings will appear precisely when you need them most (automobiles and sailboats will be rated in the spring, for example, and Christmas gifts and ski equipment in the fall.)

In style, Moneysworth is concise, pragmatic, and above all, useful. It is also completely forthright. Moneysworth does not hesitate to name brand names (whether to laud or lambaste them), to identify big corporations when they gouge the public, and to quote the actual prices and discounts that you are entitled to and should be getting. Moneysworth can afford to be this candid because *it carries no advertising whatsoever; it is beholden to no one but its readers.*

The editors of Moneysworth are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. Moneysworth's publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is Moneysworth's art director. Together, these men will produce the first–and only–consumer magazine with *charisma.*

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. Its price is $10 a year. However, right now you may order a special introductory Charter Subscription for ONLY $5! This is HALF PRICE!!

Moreover, we are so confident that Moneysworth will prove indispensable to you that we are prepared to make what is probably the most generous subscription offer in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that* Moneysworth *will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15%–or we'll refund your $5.00 IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, we'll guarantee that Moneysworth will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*–or you get your money back. As you can see, a subscription to Moneysworth is an absolutely foolproof investment.

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We urge you to act at once. Stop being robbed and start getting your Moneysworth.

MONEYSWORTH

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(Advertisement)

Thirty-two years ago—come October—a vain and jealous man indulged himself on an ego trip that became one of the more inglorious episodes in an inglorious life. The man was Benito Mussolini. The trip was the Italian Campaign against the Greeks—a war that Il Duce launched, in the main, to show Hitler that he too could run a blitzkrieg. It is reported that Hitler was furious when he learned of Mussolini's caper against the Greeks and that Mussolini, when taxed for an explanation, replied that the war was necessary "for reasons of a metaphysical character."

Mario Cervi served in the Italian invasion of Greece as a young recruit. He met his wife, who is Greek, while serving in Mussolini's legions. Following the Italian Armistice, they hid in the hills to avoid the Germans. Since those years, Mario Cervi has collected materials in Italy, Greece, and England on this melancholy adventure. The book he has written and we have just published, THE HOLLOW LEGIONS: *Mussolini's Blunder in Greece 1940-1941*, is a frank, vivid account of a campaign fought in the dead of winter, which resulted in the death of hundreds of thousands of Italians and Greeks. Ordinary soldiers fought the weather and the enemy with courage. Greek officers planned their attacks with intelligence and boldness, while the lack of tactical skill and efficiency in the Italian high command—to say nothing of their inefficiency—seems almost unbelievable. At the end, Il Duce suffered the ultimate humiliation. He was forced to ask his Axis partner to come in and finish the job.

As I write this column, the storm caused by the publication of the Pentagon Papers has not yet abated. In sorting out the whys and wherefores of our decade-long involvement in Indo-China, I find it instructive and sad to reflect on Mario Cervi's dispassionate account of a campaign that was totally unsuccessful and cost so many lives. This is not to compare Greece in 1940 and Vietnam in 1971, but to wonder why those who fight and die in wars seem to have so little to say about their beginnings.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE HOLLOW LEGIONS: *Mussolini's Blunder in Greece 1940-41* ($7.95), Mario Cervi, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 998 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, New York 11530.

July 24, 1971

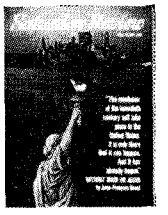
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 14

SR presents an eighteen-page preview of the French best seller "Without Marx or Jesus"

by Jean-François Revel

Cover photo: Burt Glinn, Magnum



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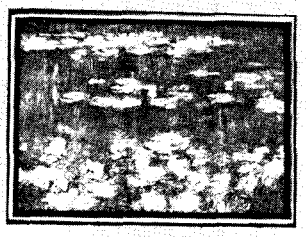

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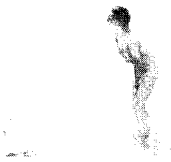

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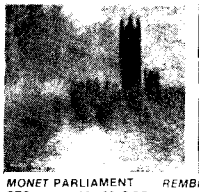

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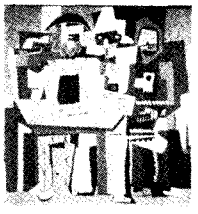

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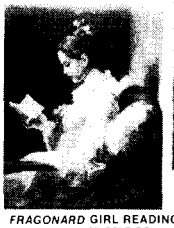

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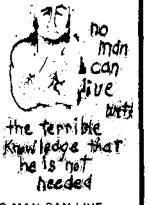

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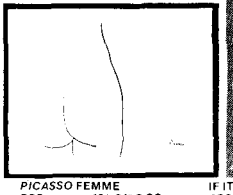

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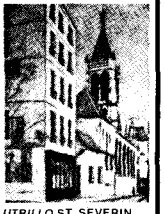

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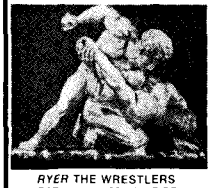

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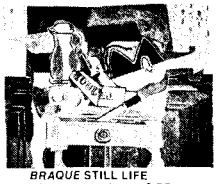

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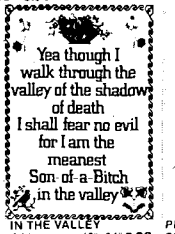
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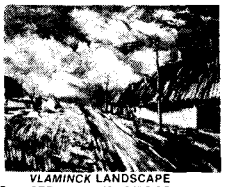

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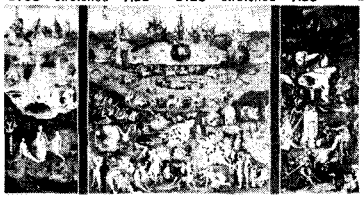

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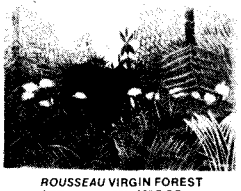

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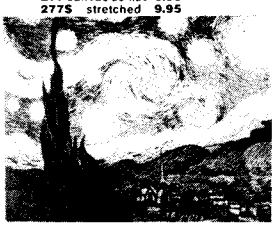

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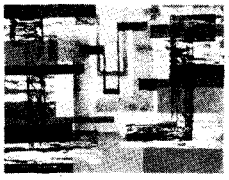

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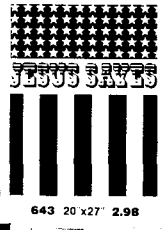

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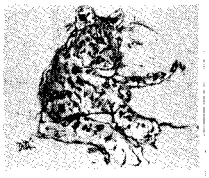

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Italy and the Sandwich

I WAS SITTING in a restaurant in Piazza di S. Eustacchio in Rome one October day a few years ago when two Americans came in for lunch. The menu offered about fifteen kinds of pasta, and as neither man spoke Italian the bolder one questioned the waiter in English, speaking slowly in a loud voice and pointing to one listing, then the next, and so on, while the waiter explained patiently what each dish was.

When the men finally had made a choice and the waiter had departed for the kitchen, the man who had done the talking said to his companion: "You have to be careful. They have strange ways of preparing Italian food in this country."

They do, indeed, for the Italians are an ingenious people; and yet, they have never mastered the sandwich. To Americans, who grow up among sandwiches, and even to the English, who eat watercress sandwiches, this is an endless source of perplexity. After all, they ask, what is so difficult about making a sandwich? The answer is that nothing is difficult about making a sandwich, but that has never helped the Italians. To them the sandwich is a problem.

Italian bread is good bread, and the country produces unmatchable cheeses, sausages, and hams, and excellent eggs, butter, and fish. Italians lead the world in baking eels. Yet the simple sandwich eludes the best brains in Rome and Florence. The Italians even lack an acceptable word for sandwich. The dictionaries offer *panino imbottito*, which means literally a stuffed roll and, to my mind, besmirches the memory of His Lordship the Earl of Sandwich.

I am aware that Italians are responsible for the invention of the hero sandwich—transplanted Italians, that is, living in New York—but the basic design was, of course, American. The Italians distorted it. Working secretly, often at night behind locked doors, they produced a baroque monstrosity—slices of ham, cheese, olives, onions, tomatoes, and pickle, thin layers of veal, choice morsels of fried eel, anchovies, and salami compressed somehow between two chunks of bread seven or eight inches long.

This pathetic effort to make a sandwich went unnoticed for a long time because heroes were smuggled out of the houses where they were made and were eaten by men who worked in tunnels or sewers or Con Ed excavations, where they were seen only by other hero sandwich eaters. Construction workers who carried hero sandwiches to their jobs usually refrained from eating them openly till a building was at least three stories high.

Such secrecy was impossible to maintain forever, and the time came when hunger pangs gave hero eaters audacity. Braving public curiosity and ridicule, they began eating in the open. Onlookers were at first stunned, scarcely comprehending what they saw. There was such a disorder and savagery about those early hero sandwiches. There still is, but a generous public has long since forgiven, and the hero sandwich now appears to have made a permanent place for itself in American life.

But the hero sandwich did not solve the problem in Italy, where the news of its invention and later popularity evoked praise and envy and led many Italians to wonder why they had never thought of such a sandwich. The Italian custom was to take a bite of bread, a bite of onion, some cheese, olives, hardboiled egg, and perhaps meat, forcing one after the other into the mouth and then chewing. The hero sandwich, though a grave error in taste, was clearly more practical than this, but Italy rejected the hero.

It has something that passes for a sandwich and is called *un toast*, which is pronounced "tawst." This consists of two incredibly thin slices of bread, lightly toasted, though not always. Between them is a transparent slice of ham. The bread is wrapped in a paper napkin, and the napkin is pushed back as one eats. The tawst is very popular with school children who, on leaving home after breakfast, usually buy a tawst to sustain them till they can get to the classroom and eat something else behind a book.

Lately, I have heard reports of a highly secret project, the development of a child's size hero sandwich. I have my own reservations. Italians are mighty highway and railroad engineers, but an Alpine tunnel is not a sandwich. —JOHN FERRIS.

Making Things Perfectly Clear

IN PREPARATION for a recent management review of our state's Department of Education by the U.S. Office of Education, the following glossary was sent to us in advance. It is heartening to know that in an administration that wants to make things perfectly clear at least one governmental agency takes the challenge seriously:

ACTIVITY—Allocation of personnel and logistic resources to accomplish an identifiable objective. Activities constitute the basis for defining personnel assignments and for scheduling system operations.

ANALYSIS—The splitting of an entity into its constituent parts, and the determination of relations among the parts and groups of the components.

DEVELOPMENT—Production and refinement of a system or a product through trial-revision until it accomplishes its specified objectives.

FUNCTIONS—Those things (actions) that must be done to accomplish the overall job are referred to as functions.

IMPLEMENT—To carry out. To fulfill. To give practical effect to and ensure of actual fulfillment by concrete measures.

IMPROVEMENT—Enhanced performance on any important dimension without detriment to the other essential dimensions.

MISSION—The job to be done, be it a product, a completed service, or a change in the condition of something or somebody.

NEED—A discrepancy or differential between "what is" and "what should be" (i.e., "what is required" or "what is desired"). In educational planning, "need" refers to problems rather than solutions, to the student "product" rather than to the resources for achieving that product, to the ends of education rather than to the means for attaining those ends.

OBJECTIVES—That toward which effort is directed. An intent statement and prediction for which a procedure is developed and resources allocated with a specific time frame and a measurable product signaling attainment.

PLANNING CAPABILITY OR PLANNING COMPETENCE—The organizational, procedural, technological, and support arrangements by which an agency has the capacity to apply problem-solving processes to any problem that it may face.

TASKS—Elements of a function that, when performed by people and things in proper sequential order, will or should resolve the parent function. Tasks may be performed by people, equipment, or people/equipment combination.

—ROBERT A. WATSON.

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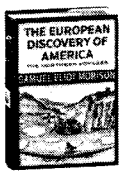

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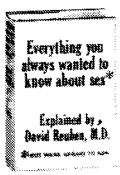

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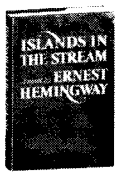

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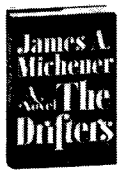

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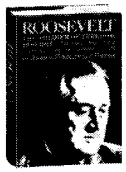

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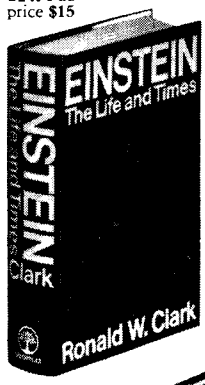

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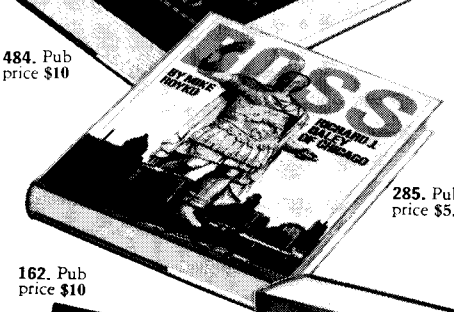

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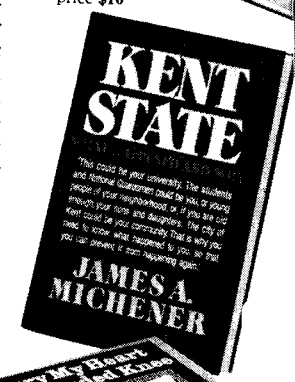

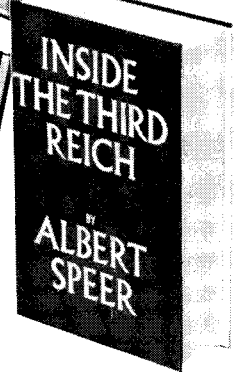

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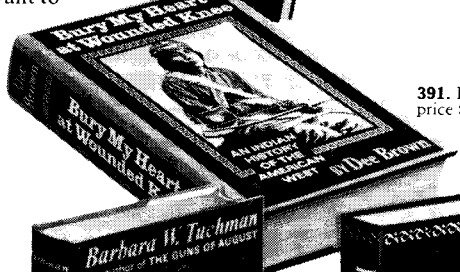

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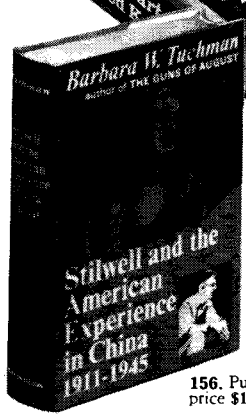

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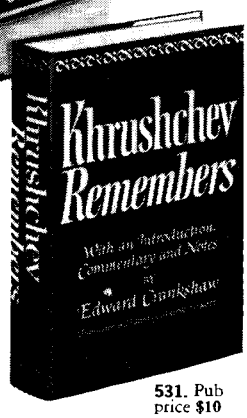

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Film Flam

HAVE YOU SEEN any of the new movies lately? I haven't been to a movie theater in almost a year. But I have developed a secret system of seeing all the new films without ever having to leave the house. If you stay with me, I'll share it with you in a few minutes.

First, I want to go on record as having been an avid movie buff. Until a year ago, it was nothing for me to take in two or three films a week. Then one day, as I sat in on one of the new movies, I began to feel like a peeping Tom.

When the picture was over, I walked quickly out, turned up my coat collar, took off my glasses (they were steamed up anyway), and covered my face with a handkerchief into which I pretended to sneeze. It was then I realized that, though I am curious, I am also yellow.

My problem is that when I sit around evenings in polite company and discussions come up about some of the latest films, I have to cop out, offering several reasons why I hadn't seen any of them. Rather than not be considered avant-garde, with it, right on, or gung ho, I improvise several reasons for not having seen any of the new films.

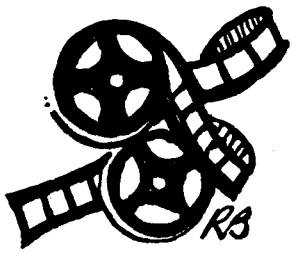
I don't like to stand and wait in long lines.

The show is over so late, I'm out on a dark, deserted street, walking home, and who knows what can happen?

The third and most logical reason is that I miss the breaks for the commercials we get on TV.

Sitting for two hours in a movie without some messages thrown at you can be hazardous to your health. After years of watching movies on TV, I find my system has become so automated that after the first ten minutes, when the first commercial appears, I have to walk to the you-know. You can't walk out of a movie just as the story line is being developed.

During the second TV commercial, it is my wont to thirst for a bottle of something out of the fridge. During the third intermission, which is the longest, consisting of several commercials, a station break, followed by a coming attraction, plus a warning that "It's a matter of life and breath"—that's when I walk to a window overlooking the dark avenue and wonder whether I saw this late late movie six months ago when it was merely a late movie. This summer, all of TV is repetitive.



Only the talk shows are not. But all their guests are. Not only do they appear with irritating frequency on all of the programs, but they often rotate, some on the same day, from Mike Douglas to David Frost to Virginia Graham to Merv Griffin to Irv Kupcinet to Johnny Carson to Dinah Shore to Dick Cavett.

The guests have usually just written a book, recorded an album, or finished making a film. It's the talk with the movie celebrity that keeps me glued to the set. The host tries for an in-depth interview to learn what makes a star tick. And invariably we learn that this big-name actor is "basically shy."

What he is basically shy of is something of import to talk about besides the film he is hustling. And when he has run out of words, the host generously shows one of the scenes from his picture.

All of which brings us to my secret system of not having to go to a movie theater. If you are alert and watch all the talk programs that show different scenes from the new movies, you can see all the pictures, or, at the very least, all the high spots, without leaving the house.

For instance, Woody Allen was recently on the Mike Douglas show plugging his latest movie, *Bananas*. A scene from the movie was shown. That night, or the next, Woody was on the David Frost program, and the host obliged by running two other film clips. Woody was also on a couple more programs and several more scenes were shown.

A day or two later, his leading lady appeared on the same programs, and the hosts obliged by screening two of her favorite scenes. Between the two, I saw all of this hilariously funny movie. All except the final scene, which when discussed in polite company was described as "Wow!" And which, in the interest of research, I sneaked into the theater to see just when the scene came on. I got that old peeping-Tom feeling again. What I won't do for my readers!

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

News: Thomas Hornsby Ferril (I'm sorry I missed you when I was in Denver, Tom. I phoned but got no answer and guessed you had headed for the mountains over Memorial Day.) once thought he would like to publish a newspaper for Mount Massive. His paper might feature such stories as "Recession of Glaciers Indicated, Iron Age Inaugurated," and perhaps toward a possible footnote for the foothills, "Diocletian Divides Roman Empire." News, after all, is not what happened but the altitude of memory at which it is related.

I have small hope of editing the news to the highest altitudes. Now and then a poem tries to soar to those heights. In the prose of daily consciousness it must be enough to edit for something an inch or so higher than a molehill. Perhaps the best one can hope for is to remain at least an inch above sea level. An inch is enough to keep us from drowning, and what daily occupation have we except the act of not drowning?

Make mine the *Molehill Messenger*, and here are some items for tomorrow's edition.

PHONY: The annual award of the Publicity Hounds of New York, popularly known as the PHONY, will be awarded this year to Jedgar Hoofer of the Folderol Burrow of Infestation for a distinguished performance in gilding one's own image.

Jedgar and the FBI are being cited for "the calculated self-adulation displayed in a photo released to the wire services and published on the front page of *The New York Times* for June 17, 1971." The photo purports to be of the *modello* of an El Greco that was stolen during the Spanish Civil War and only recently recovered when a New York dentist offered to sell it to a gallery run by an alert dealer. The painting is shown on an easel placed against a paneled wall to which a large emblazoned seal of the FBI has been affixed.

"The delicate blatance of this photo," the citation reads in part, "is such that no viewer can be sure whether the photo is of the El Greco painting or of the FBI seal; yet on balance it is the seal that emerges as a shade more prominent than the painting."

President Bloard Crassenough of PHONY was especially enthusiastic about the subtlety of the lighting arrangements. "Your average John Q. may miss it," said Crassenough, "but no true PHONY will fail to recognize the light reflection from a spotlight placed behind the painting to focus on the FBI seal.

"That," President Crassenough added, "is the essence of PHONY. All of us stand in awe of that man. The way he can grab the spotlight shames us, but we love him for it. He gives every true PHONY a goal to strive for, especially, in this case, when you consider that it was an art dealer who spotted the painting and notified the local police. They in turn notified the FBI, and just look who copped all the glory. A real rip-off. Had the locals been as PHONY, we would have been giving them the award."

The presentation will be made at the annual Funeral of Reality Rites to be held at the Walled-off Hysteria Hotel.

Neither Jedgar Hoofer nor the Folderol Burrow of Infestation could be reached for comment, but a source close to the Burrow is known to have ordered a full line of hidden spotlights

Is Tarzan hanging around your attic?

If "Tarzan of the Apes," published in 1914, is there, you could be $75 richer.

But you wouldn't know this. Not unless you had a copy of the "Bookfinders' Value Guide," a brand-new listing of valuable books.

Just published, this illustrated book lists "Tarzan" and 1,500 other "rare books" that can bring their finders anywhere from $25 to $300 to $1,000 and more.

"Rare books" are not rare at all. They're everywhere. Attics. Garages. Basements. Public libraries. Even in your living room.

If you trip across the right volume by Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain, or Nathaniel Hawthorne, you can hit the literary jackpot. If you happen to find a signed original copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses," you can trade it for a dream vacation.

You may not be *that* lucky. But you can easily come up with a lesser treasure by, say, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, or Ernest Hemingway that you can sell to almost any book dealer for between $40 and $500.

James Manning Bergquist, PhD. and Professor of History at Villanova University, is the Consulting Editor for the "Bookfinders' Value Guide," which also introduces you to the fascinating hobby of book collecting.

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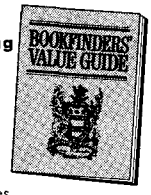

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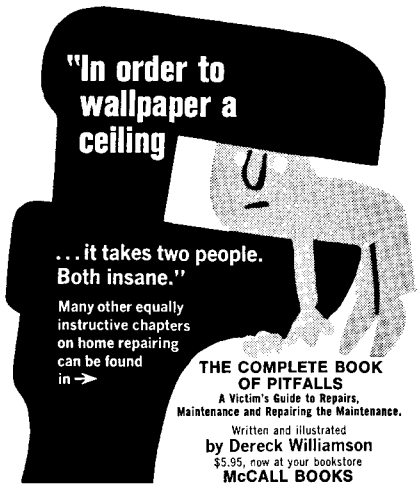
"In order to wallpaper a ceiling
...it takes two people. Both insane."
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and to have arranged for direct lines from the Rites to all wire services.

President Crassenough has further arranged to have on hand a destitute draft dodger secretly repatriated from "one of the Scandinavian countries," and has prepared for coast-to-coast coverage of Jedgar Hoofer nabbing the wretch between a self-illuminated Great Seal of the United States and a fifteen-foot-high photo of Jedgar himself, both in living color "for," as President Crassenough put it, "everyone's viewing enjoyment."

GUEST EDITORIAL: *Democracy in America* by Alexis de Tocqueville (reprinted from our 1835 edition): I know of no country in which there is so little true independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America. . . . The majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion; within these barriers an author may write whatever he pleases, but he will repent it if he ever steps beyond them. Not that he is exposed to the terrors of an auto-da-fé, but he is tormented by the slights and persecutions of daily obloquy. His political career is closed forever. . . . Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused him....

The sovereign can no longer say, "You think as I do on pain of death," but he says, "You are free to think differently from me . . . but if such be your determination, you are henceforth an alien among your people. . . . You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow creatures will shun you like an impure being, and those who are most persuaded of your innocence will abandon you, too, lest they should be shunned in their turn."

LOCAL NEWS: I do not know what world this is, but for my private time capsule, to be buried in the molehill safe from the teeth of moles, or even to be embedded in an upper cleft of Mount Massive, I would like to tell the interstellar archeologists who turn up the capsule that there was this town, and in it this house, and in it this family, and of it my son Benn, who was twelve four-and-a-half years ago (which is less than Mount Massive's lead-uranium clock can measure) and came to a day when language gemmed in him like a bee in amber, remaining thereafter not the thing itself, but the jewel of the thing itself.

Benn and a friend had been running a trap line for muskrats (astonishing how much small game remains by the tracks of the Penn Central) and found one morning a trapped skunk who replied in kind.

We were just sitting down to breakfast when Benn burst into the house, redolent from his recent benediction. We had just bought a new cyclamen, and I will swear it wilted to black swamp rot at the first whiff. Dippy, our German shepherd, scrambled into a corner and began to upchuck. I distinctly remember the coffee in my mouth turning to oil-topped bilge water. Jonnel had an overnight guest who had slept late, and from overhead I heard footsteps, a slamming door, and a cry from the upstairs porch.

It was Benn, however, who achieved the perfection of the moment. There he stood with visible lines of radiation around him like an aureole, and his first words as he burst in were "Guess what!"

Let the breeze that blows equally to mountains and molehills waft this moment to time. History brings home worse stinks than this, but for the moment—and for the lingering week after—this one was ours, the most certain of all our guesses.

". . . and then I sort of float over to the bed where the princess is sleeping, and I feel a frog in my throat, croaking, 'Take her in your arms and kiss her, you fool, and you'll live happily ever after.'"

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Settlement of the Week—via the Midland, Michigan, *Daily News*:

> The wife of Michael Butler, millionaire producer of "Hair," has been granted a divorce in Wheaton, Ill., Circuit Court on grounds of desertion.
>
> Loyce Butler received an undisclosed cash settlement, custody of a child, Adam, 7, and Oak Brook, a suburb west of Chicago.

Reminds us of the old jokes about the late John D. Rockefeller and his grandsons—that he gave them blocks for Christmas: 48th and 49th on Fifth.

Explanation of the Week—from Arthur Pierson of Hollywood, who located it in the *Hollywood Reporter*:

> CBS-TV is not going to drop "Captain Kangaroo" as a children's program, as reported earlier in these columns but may rule out the use of a show-host as pitchman.
>
> In answering a question by a newspaperman Tuesday about such selling, Bob Wood, president of CBS-TV, stated: "There's a mood in this country about that. Those of you from Boston appreciate and know the ACT group. There is a rule-making being considered with the commission. We have filed comments on all of this and I think out of it, and the common concern that not only we but others have in this area, that kind of thinking may be on the trailing edge. And I'm not altogether certain it's going to work against our interest."

We're not altogether certain of a lot less than that.

Letter of the Week—from Charles E. Tuttle of Rutland, Vermont:

> Dear Mr. Amory,
>
> No doubt you are aware that a great many American books are "pirated" in Taipei. In a legal sense they are not actually pirated since the Chinese government in Formosa never signed any international agreement not to do these unauthorized reprints.
>
> A few months ago, however, I received a letter from one of these enterprising publishers that seemed to me carried this concept a little too far. This gentleman had "pirated" one of our children's books. He went on to say, however, that upon printing the book he found it to be rather unsalable and was losing money. Furthermore, he inferred that this was really my fault because in doing his edition he had trusted my editorial judgment, which obviously was pretty poor.
>
> Finally, he said that as a consequence he had on hand some 2,000 copies that he could not sell and would I kindly purchase them from him.
>
> I always knew that Chinese businessmen were quite agile and I think that his offer is certainly a confirmation.
>
> Sincerely,
> Charles E. Tuttle

We say send them some Ping-pong *paddles.*

It's not every day you can have breakfast with a man who's a law unto himself—but such a man, surely, is C. Northcote Parkinson. Among other things, we found on arrival for our date at the Algonquin, Parkinson's Law had already breakfasted. Ignoring Mr. Parkinson, we proceeded to order shirred eggs and corn muffins. "'Shirred,' you say," he said in his clipped voice. We do, we said. "Ah," he said—even clippeder.

Mr. Parkinson, we learned, is married to Elizabeth Frye, a direct descendant of the Quaker heroine and prison reformer, and lives with his three children from that marriage on the Channel Island of Guernsey. He was born in Barnard Castle in the North of England. "It sounds rather grand," he said, "but actually it's a place." His first school was St. Peter's School in York. "It was founded," he told us, "in 527."

It had been some time since we had written down a date like that. A.D., we presumed. "Indeed," he said. "Actually," he continued, "it's not the oldest. King's School at Canterbury is older. They were the first organized missionary schools. They are older than the monarchy—or the government, for that matter."

Mr. Parkinson's father was a painter. "He was not well-known," he said quietly, "but he was an artist of great competence." Mr. Parkinson himself started out as a painter. We asked him if he was good. "It's impossible to say," he said. "I am, of course, talking about real painting. I am not talking about modern art. In real painting you have to paint for about fifteen years before you know if you're any good at all. My father was a pupil of Walter Crane, who was the favorite pupil of William Morris. My father knew—and could teach and could practice—not only advanced anatomy and sculpture but also engineering, building construction, and advanced geometry."

We asked Mr. Parkinson if he himself was a good student. "Yes," he said, "I had to be. My father died when I was fifteen, and I went on scholarships. After Cambridge—this was in 1932—I went to London, found the traditional garret, and proceeded to write a book—in the afternoons. In the mornings I had a job at the National Maritime Museum. I received a pound a week—and I lived on it."

His first book was a biography of Edward Pellew, an admiral of Nelson's period. The next years were involved in teaching history at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth ("your Annapolis") and serving on the British General Staff, attached to the Royal Air Force. After the war came eight years in Singapore, most of them as professor of history at the University of Malaya. Working to build a school of history in a brand new country gave Mr. Parkinson strong opinions on the sometime expressed modern view that history is obsolete. "History," he said, "is a community's memory, and a community without its history is like a man without his memory."

Then came the Parkinson Law books—four so far. Mr. Parkinson's newest venture is Leviathan House, which will publish books in the field of business management and of whose board he is the chairman. "Briefly," he told us, "books on business are written either by professors of business schools who have not succeeded in business or by people who have succeeded in business but can't write."

We came finally to his own newest book, *The Life and Times of Horatio Hornblower* (Little, Brown). How many biographies of famous fictional heroes, we wanted to know, had there been? "I don't know," he said, "but I know there have been many of Sherlock Holmes. And at least two on Nero Wolfe. I do know I always looked on the late Mr. Forester with something of envy. It was my period, and I was the one, as a naval historian, doing the work, while he was the one making the money and having the fun."

Had he, we concluded, been caught in any errors? "I should think," he said softly, "not."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1945)

(DONALD) WINTERSGILL:
SOLDIERS FOR SALE

Not all collectors in this field see eye to eye. The collector of lead toy soldiers is not the same as the wargamer. And the collector of miniature military models will mount a one-man cavalry charge if the ignorant call his pieces "toys."

—From *The Guardian Weekly*, Jan. 9, 1971

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Without Marx or Jesus

THE NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN

by JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL

In an epilogue to the forthcoming American edition of Jean-François Revel's *Without Marx or Jesus*, Mary McCarthy observes that Frenchmen have always been "secure in the thought that the United States is the citadel of imperialism, racism, vulgarity, conformism, and now a *Frenchman* returns from a voyage of discovery to say it is a hotbed of revolution. Blandly, with a straight face, the enormity emerges, buttressed by figures and arguments, precedents, citations." For many Americans, the image of the United States as global revolutionary leader is equally provocative. This week *SR* presents an eighteen-page preview of *Without Marx or Jesus*, already a major best seller in France and soon to be published in this country by Doubleday. Throughout his productive and controversial career, philosopher-critic Revel has earned a reputation for exploding cherished conceptions with fresh irreverence and wide-ranging knowledge. Born in Marseilles, Revel was active in the French Resistance and taught in Mexico, Algiers, and Florence before becoming an editor of Editions Robert Laffont in Paris. He is the author of numerous books and contributes a weekly column to the French news magazine *L'Express*.

The revolution of the twentieth century will take place in the United States. It is only there that it can happen. And it has already begun. Whether or not that revolution spreads to the rest of the world depends on whether or not it succeeds first in America.

I am not unaware of the shock and incredulity such statements may cause at every level of the European Left and among the nations of the Third World. I know it is difficult to believe that America—the fatherland of imperialism, the power responsible for the war in Vietnam, the nation of Joe McCarthy's witch hunts, the exploiter of the world's natural resources—is, or could become, the cradle of revolution. We are accustomed to thinking of the United States as the logical target of revolution, and of computing revolutionary progress by the rate of American withdrawal. Now, we are being asked to admit that our revolutionary

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slide rule was inaccurate and to face the future without that comfortable tool.

If we draw up a list of all the things that ail mankind today, we will have formulated a program for the revolution that mankind needs: the abolition of war and of imperialist relations by abolishing states and also the notion of national sovereignty; the elimination of the possibility of internal dictatorship (a concomitant condition of the abolition of war); worldwide economic and educational equality; birth control on a planetary scale; complete ideological, cultural, and moral freedom, in order to ensure both individual happiness through independence and a plurality of choice, and in order to make use of the totality of human creative resources.

Obviously, this is a utopic program, and it has nothing in its favor, except that it is absolutely necessary if mankind is to survive. The exchange of one political civilization for another, which that program implies, seems to me to be going on right now in the United States. And, as in all the great revolutions of the past, this exchange can become worldwide only if it spreads, by a sort of political osmosis, from the prototype-nation to all the others.

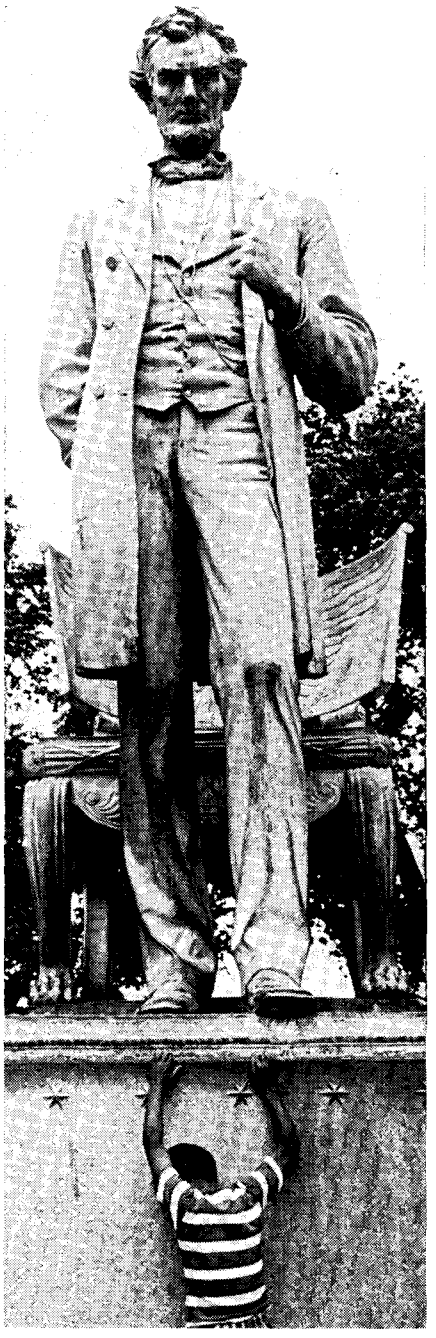
The United States is the country most eligible for the role of prototype-nation for the following reasons: It enjoys continuing economic prosperity and rate of growth, without which no revolutionary project can succeed; it has technological competence and a high level of basic research; culturally it is oriented toward the future rather than toward the past, and it is undergoing a revolution in behavioral standards and in the affirmation of individual freedom and equality; it rejects authoritarian control and multiplies creative initiative in all domains —especially in art, life-style, and sense experience — and allows the coexistence of a diversity of mutually complementary alternative subcultures.

It is evident from the above that the various aspects of a revolution are interrelated—so much so that, if one aspect is missing, the others are incomplete. There are five revolutions that must take place either simultaneously or not at all: a political revolution; a social revolution; a technological and scientific revolution; a revolution in culture, values, and standards; and a revolution in international and interracial relations. The United States is the only country, so far as I can see, where these five revolutions are simultaneously in progress and are organically linked in such a way as to constitute a single revolution. In all other countries, either all five revolutions are missing, which settles the problem, or one or two or three of them are lacking, which relegates revolution to the level of wishful thinking.

The most common error concerning the United States is to try to interpret that nation in terms of the revolutionary guidelines with which we are familiar, and which are usually purely theoretical. Then, when we see that those guidelines are not applicable to the American situation, we conclude that America is a reactionary country.

The revolutionary plans that we know, and that we usually try to apply, are all based on the existence of opposition, of antagonism: the peasants against the proprietors of the land; workers against factory owners; colonials against colonizers. The present American revolution, however, resembles more a centrifugal gyration than a clash between opposing camps. It has certain characteristics in common with old-style revolution. There are the oppressed and the oppressors; the exploited and the exploiters; the poor and the rich. There are people who are morally dissatisfied with the present state of affairs—an essential condition of revolution—and there is a serious rift within the governing elite.

There are also traits that are entirely new and peculiar to America. The "poor" are an unusual kind of poor; they earn between $1,500 and $3,000 a year, and, if their income falls below the former figure, they are eligible for government aid. In Europe, such an income would place a family considerably above the poverty level — although, common opinion to the contrary, the cost of living in European urban centers is not much less than in America. In America, however, the phenomenon of prosperity makes everything relative, and, in consequence, some of the moral and psychological factors that are important in Europe do not play nearly so large a part in establishing revolutionary goals in America. The American revolution is, without doubt, the first revolution in history in which disagreement on values and goals is more pronounced than disagreement on the means of existence. American revolutionaries do not want merely to cut the cake into equal pieces; they want a whole new cake. This spirit of criticism of values, which is still more emotional than intellectual, is made possible by a freedom of information such as no civilization has ever tolerated before—not even within and for the benefit of the governing class, let alone at the level of the mass media. This accessibility of information has resulted in a widespread and strong feeling of guilt, and a passion for self-accusation that, on occasion, tends to go to extremes. And that result, in turn,



"The American revolution is, without doubt, the first revolution in history in which disagreement on values and goals is more pronounced than disagreement on the means of existence."

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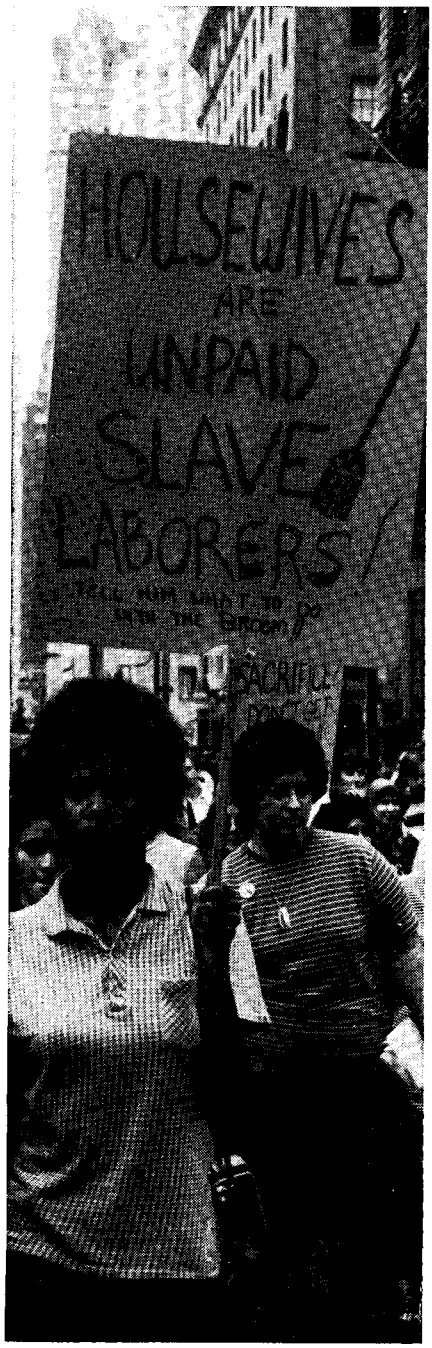

"In this universe of all or nothing, of black and white, there is no question of action, but only of redemption."

has produced a phenomenon unprecedented in history: a domestic revolt against the imperialistic orientation of American foreign policy.

This revolt, however, is not the only indication of a new revolutionary direction. There has never been another society that faced a situation like that of the United States with respect to the blacks. In the face of this contagious domestic problem and of the demands of the Afro-American community, American society is being divided into factions and is entering upon the path of cultural polycentrism. And this process, of course, is playing havoc with our prejudices concerning the "conformity" and "uniformity" of American society. The truth of the matter is that American society is torn by too many tensions not to become more and more diversified.

Another unprecedented characteristic of the American revolution is the revolt of the young—the contagion of which, at both the national and international levels, was so virulent in the years between 1965 and 1970. This is, moreover, a new development within the context of upper-class divisions during revolutionary periods, since these young revolutionaries are mostly students; that is, members of the privileged class. It should be pointed out that this "privileged class" is less and less exceptional; it is a case, so to speak, of mass privilege. The current upheavals are due not only to the great number of young people in proportion to the rest of the population, but also to the great number of students in proportion of young people. Out of a population of two hundred million, there are presently seven million students; and it is estimated that by 1977 there will be eleven million.

It has been said that there are three nations in the United States: a black nation; a Woodstock nation; and a Wallace nation. The first one is self-explanatory. The second takes it name from the great political and musical convention held at Woodstock, New York, in 1969, which has been documented by the film *Woodstock*. It includes the hippies and the radicals. The third nation is embodied in Governor George Wallace of Alabama, and is composed of lower-middle-class whites, whose symbol is the hard hat worn by construction workers. Each of these nations has its own language, its own art forms, and its own customs. And each has a combat arm: the Black Panthers for the blacks; the Weathermen for Woodstock; and the Ku Klux Klan and various citizen organizations for Wallace. We could add other "nations"; e.g., members of the Women's Liberation movement, who have declared war on sexism and who take their methods from those of the black power and student power movements.

There is also a large group of citizens who are neither black nor particularly young nor especially intellectual. Far from being reactionary, they are sometimes militantly progressive and are vaguely categorized as liberals. This group includes citizens with a wide range of opinion; from what, in Europe, we call the democrats, to the progressives. The liberals often have been able to contribute the appearance of a mass movement to demonstrations that, without them, would have attracted only the extremists. They demonstrated alongside the blacks throughout the great Southern revolt that began in 1952 and against the

LEGAL REVOLT

The optimum conditions for the realization of revolution are those in which the forces of change exist in an atmosphere of constitutional benevolence that allows them to make enormous progress without the necessity of provoking an actual civil war. In other words, the more that change is possible through legal means, the better the chances of revolution. The opposite is true of the authoritarian states, where violence and an open breach must necessarily occur at an early stage—a stage at which their chances for success are minimal. Despite all romantic revolutionary clichés to the contrary, it is a sign of weakness, and not of strength, to get rid of ants by burning down the house. Violence and resistance obtain the most substantial results when it is possible for them to present themselves as the exercise of constitutional rights. After all, the only important revolutionary results are those that endure. Even the most noble undertakings, such as the Paris Commune, lose all value for the future (except a certain sentimental value) the moment that they fail. The logical conclusion is that optimum revolutionary progress occurs when changes can be brought about within at least the letter of the existing legal framework and when changes can be broadened within that same framework. Such changes are the only ones that endure. We may therefore say that revolutionary action is most profound, varied, fertile, and creative when it takes place within the classic liberal system. This constitutional margin of revolutionary action—that is, freedom—is greater in the United States than in any other country.

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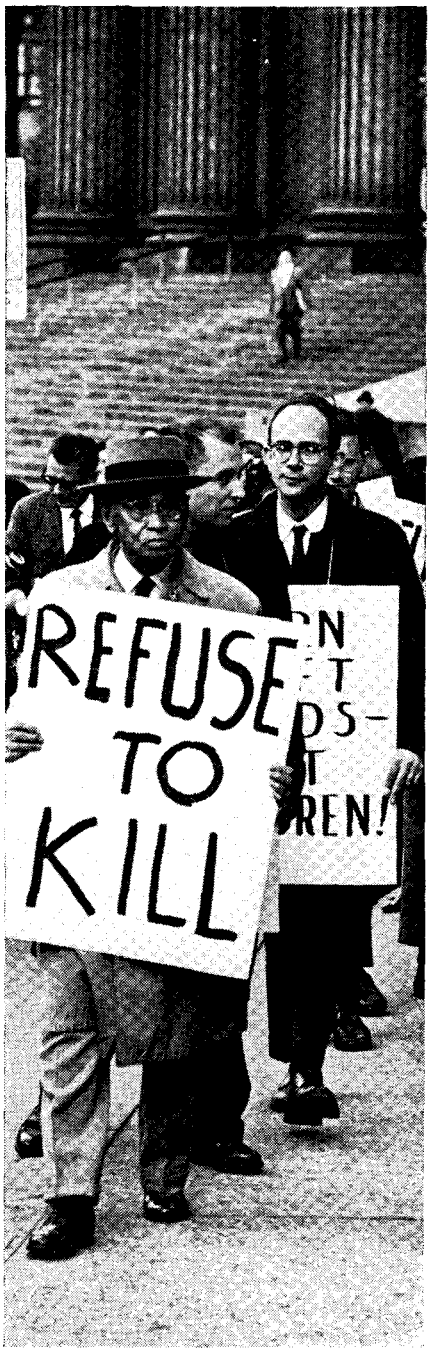
Vietnam War in the various moratoriums. They are on the side of the students, the Indians, and the Third World. On May 21, 1970, for instance, thousands of New York lawyers—what we might call the governors of the governing class—descended on Washington to protest American intervention in Cambodia. On the same day, the hardhats demonstrated in New York in favor of this intervention, and, still on the same day, prices dropped sharply on the New York Stock Exchange, indicating, according to some American commentators, that the financiers, like the lawyers, were not in agreement with the administration over the conduct of the war. No nineteenth-century class distinctions are sufficient to convey the nature of these new political classes—which are also sexual, racial, and esthetic; that is, they are based on the rejection of an unsatisfactory life-style. Each of these categories has specific economic, racial, esthetic, moral, and religious or spiritual characteristics; each has its own customs, its own way of dressing and eating—even though, as a whole, they are referred to as a "community." In this instance, the image of a series of superimposed circles rather than of stratified social levels describes the nature of this community

The "hot" issues in America's insurrection against itself, numerous as they are, form a cohesive and coherent whole within which no one of them can be separated from the others. These issues are as follows: a radically new approach to moral values; the black revolt; the feminist attack on masculine domination; the rejection by young people of exclusively economic and technical social goals; the general adoption of non-coercive methods in education; the acceptance of the guilt for poverty; the growing demand for equality; the rejection of an authoritarian culture in favor of a critical and diversified culture that is basically new, rather than adopted from the old cultural stockpile; the rejection both of the spread of American power abroad and of foreign policy; and a determination that the natural environment is more important than commercial profit. None of the groups concerned with any one of these points, and none of the points themselves, would have been able to gain as much strength and attention as they have if they had been isolated from other groups and other points.

The moral, cultural, and political revolutions are but a single revolution. In San Francisco, a group composed of women and homosexuals (members of the Women's Liberation Front and the Gay Liberation Front), shouting "Cambodia is obscene! Sex is not obscene!" burst into a psychiatrists' convention that was discussing the "treatment" of homosexuality. The criticism of paternalistic and moralistic psychiatry, in this instance, not only takes on a political form but also produces new courage in the affirmation of self.

The interconnection between counter-cultural themes appeared again on June 10, 1970, at the Venice Biennale when a group of American artists promoting an "artists' strike against racism, sexism, and war" withdrew their works from the exposition as a protest against the policies of their government. This group comprised thirty-three of the forty-four persons selected to represent the United States at the festival and included the cream of contemporary American artists, such as Josef Albers, Leonard Baskin, John Cage, Sam Francis, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Morris, Claes Oldenburg, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andy Warhol. So far as I know, there was never a similar large-scale protest of first-rate French artists during the Indochina war or the Algerian war—I mean a protest involving a real sacrifice in terms of one's career. The same sort of phenomenon is taking place in all the visual arts: in the modern American theater, where drama has been recast and joined to an instinctual explosion; in such films as Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*, which is a homosexual parody of cowboy Westerns and which I saw in a commercial movie theater one afternoon in Chicago; in stage plays in which the sex act is performed on the stage; or in *Macbird*, a take-off on *Macbeth*, in which the President of the United States and his wife are openly accused of having had John Kennedy assassinated. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely to demonstrate the thesis that liberation must be complete, or it will not exist at all.

There have been political revolutions that failed because, among other reasons, they were limited to a single area, to politics or economics, and therefore were not able to generate the "new man" who could have given meaning to new political or economic institutions. In *Prolégomènes à un troisième manifeste du surréalisme*, André Breton writes: "We must not only stop the exploitation of man by man, but we must also re-examine—from top to bottom, without hypocrisy and without dodging the issues—the problems involved in the relationship between men and women." And Charles Fourier pointed out that the revolutionaries of 1789 had failed because "they bowed before the concept of the sanctity of marriage." If women had been allowed to become their own rulers, he says,



"No nineteenth-century class distinctions are sufficient to convey the nature of these new political classes."

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"Paradoxically, the United States is one of the least racist countries in the world today."

"it would have been a scandal, and a weapon capable of undermining the foundations of society." It should be noted, however, that even the divorce law passed by the revolutionaries, and subsequently adopted by the Napoleonic Code, was so far ahead of its time that it was abolished during the Restoration. It was revived only at the time of the Third Republic, but in such a limited form as to be more restrictive than it had been at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

If ever a revolution was one-sided, it was the Russian Revolution of 1917. Its leaders would not permit the slightest degree of cultural or moral liberation. Thus, Lenin wrote to Clara Zetkin: "We have not reached the end of your list of sins, Clara. I have been told that, during an evening session of reading and discussion with the workers, you were concerned mostly with questions of sex and marriage. I could hardly believe my ears." And he adds: "Questions of sex and marriage are not regarded [by you] as part of the principal social question; but, on the contrary, the main social question itself appears as a part of, or an appendix to, the sex problem. . . . This attitude can disguise itself in as many subversive and revolutionary forms as it wants; the fact remains that it is a purely bourgeois attitude. . . . There is no place for such an attitude in the party, among the militant proletariat which is conscious of its spirit of class distinctions." And here is what the Great Revolutionary has to say about the educational liberation of young people: "I have also heard that sexual problems are one of the favorite subjects of your youth organizations. . . . This is especially scandalous, and especially dangerous, for the youth movement. Such subjects can easily lead to overexcitement, to the sexual stimulation of certain individuals, and to a breakdown in the health and the strength of young people."

It comes as no surprise to find the same sort of narrow-mindedness with regard to the scientific and moral revolution wrought by psychoanalysis. Here is Lenin's opinion, as he expressed it to Clara Zetkin: "Today, Freud's theory is nothing more than a fashionable caprice. I have absolutely no confidence in the sexual theories which have been disseminated in articles, reports, pamphlets, etc.—in short, in the scientific literature that blooms with such exuberance in the dirt of bourgeois society. I am as wary of those who are constantly and stubbornly absorbed by sexual questions as I am of a Hindu fakir absorbed by the contemplation of the navel." It was perfectly logical, therefore, for the Communists to be opposed to contraception, when the time came, even though that issue coincided with the beginning of real independence for women. The wife of Maurice Thorez declared that "birth control, or voluntary motherhood, is a trap for the masses; but it is also a weapon against social law in the hands of the bourgeoisie." Also one hardly need be reminded that divorce is non-existent in a large part of Europe; or that, especially in Italy, the Left has often collaborated with the church to prevent its introduction. I certainly do not mean to imply that the battle against sexual repression is the whole of the revolutionary struggle; but it is undoubtedly one of the surest signs of an *authentic* revolutionary struggle.

In practice, sexual repression indicates the existence of authoritarianism in a diversity of areas: in family life and religion; in relations between the sexes, between age groups, and between races and social classes. Conversely, the appearance of sexual liberty is symptomatic of freedom from authoritarianism in those areas. When culture is "directed," we may be certain that it is involved in a relationship of authority; that is, it is subjected to force. One of the most striking characteristics of the revolutionary movement in America is that it is the first such movement in which all demands are part of a single front, and are advanced simultaneously on the same program. Demands belonging to the individualist-anarchist tradition, and those referring to the organized political struggle of the oppressed (or of the less non-oppressed, as the case may be), are, for once, all included in one demand.

There is, therefore, a basis common to all manifestations of the American revolt, and to its European extensions. That basis consists in the rejection of a society motivated by profit, dominated exclusively by economic considerations, ruled by the spirit of competition, and subjected to the mutual aggressiveness of its members. Indeed, beneath every revolutionary ideal we find a conviction that man has become the tool of his tools, and that he must once more become an end and a value in himself. The hippies are characterized by a particularly vivid awareness of that loss of self-identity and of the perversion of the meaning of life. A competitive society, for instance, or a spirit of rivalry, is a source of suffering to them. But they do not self-righteously condemn such societies nor attempt to refute them theoretically; they simply refuse to have any part in them. A hippie, therefore, is above all someone who has "dropped out"; a boy or girl who decided, one day, to stop being a

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AMERICAN DISSENT

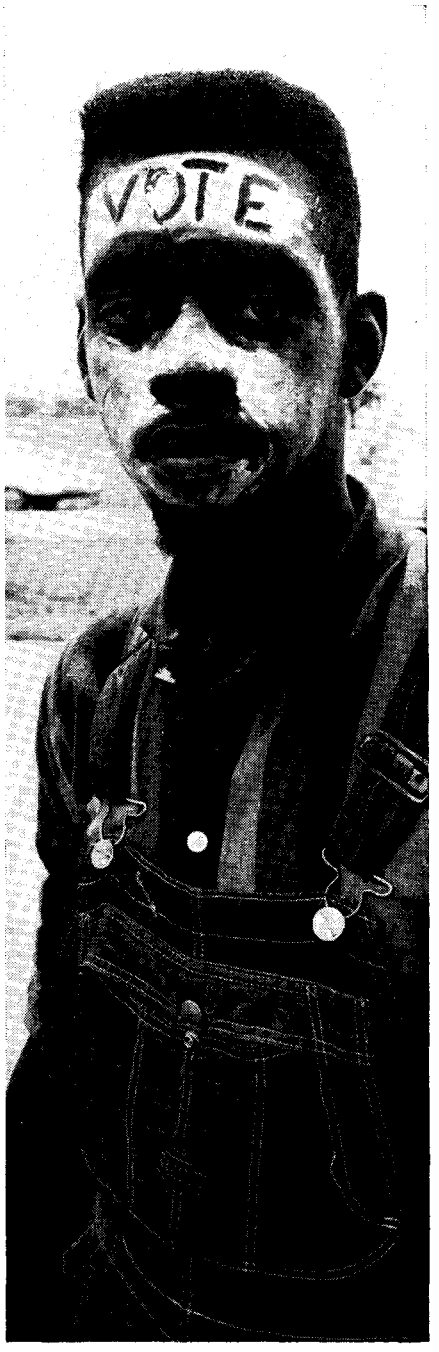
American dissent has been able to avoid one of the great dangers of change: the destruction of the object of change before change can be effected, in which case the revolution leads to underdevelopment and, thereby, destroys itself. It fulfills (despite some of its negative aspects) several necessary conditions for revolution: the contesting of moral values; the modifying of alternatives; and, in general, the criticizing of cultural standards. Moreover—and this is very important—dissent is doing all this within the context of the American situation as a whole.

American dissent is distinguished from European dissent by the fact that the former is involved in problems that are part of reality. Since the dissenters are certain that they will be able to solve those problems, they do not ignore them. They fight against military service in Vietnam, against racial discrimination, against the destruction of the environment, against the relations of the universities with the military-industrial complex, against governmental indifference toward the American Indian, against the lack of funds necessary to save the cities. For American youth, dissent does not mean the imaginary transference into its society of irrelevant political scenarios, such as Maoism or Castroism; or, if it does introduce such elements, it does so only in small measure and without using them as an excuse for ignoring real situations.

cog in the social machine. Baudelaire suggested adding two additional rights to the Declaration of the Rights of Man: the right to contradict oneself and the right to walk away. Hippies make use of both those rights. This use, when it is so widespread as to be no longer marginal is much more revolutionary than one is willing to admit if one insists on viewing everything dogmatically, in terms of classic political activity. When societies decline seriously, it is because of this internal absenteeism, because its people have discovered new forms of commitment.

Certainly, one can make a good case against the hippies for their political indifference and for their naïveté in rejecting every form of violence—for these are the attitudes that distinguish the hippies. One can even fault them for forgetting that the hippie way of life is possible only in an affluent society and because of a surplus in production (even though the hippie personally may be willing to live in comparative poverty). One can make fun of their nebulous ideology, which is a mixture of confused Orientalism and adulterated primitivism (although they are likely to retort that they prefer pop music to ideology). One can jeer at their simplistic confidence in the strength of universal love as the key to all problems. And one can be astonished at their belief that it is possible for an individual to have absolute freedom without infringing the rights of others. All these things are, no doubt, open to criticism from many standpoints; and they are all no doubt very limited concepts. The fact remains, however, that the hippies' refusal to accept regimentation in any form gives them a mysterious strength and a means of exerting pressure; the same sort of strength and pressure that is exerted by, say, a hunger strike. To those who try to persuade them to give their revolt a political or religious structure, the hippies offer a patient, but absolutely inflexible, resistance. The May uprisings in Paris and the demonstrations at the Renault plant in France all seem to the hippies to be too much the product of the harsh society that they are trying to escape. Plossu says of those who were involved in these events that "their ideas of revolt were, in the long run, chains" and their "attempt at liberation, only a form of slavery."

Such words as Plossu's are guaranteed to strike a sour note among lovers of the revolutionary praxis. Nonetheless, this rejection of solutions that are too immediate and too concrete originates in a basic intuition that one of the foundations of revolution that we most need today is the elimination of pathological aggression. Unless that elimination is achieved, no revolution can do anything but lead to a new form of oppression. We do not need a political revolution so much as an anti-political revolution; otherwise the only result will be the creation of new police states. Human aggression is a determining factor in human behavior; and it is accepted even more gratuitously, and is even more murderous, than all of the sacred causes by which it justifies itself and on which it bases itself. Unless this root evil is extirpated, the hippies believe, then everything else will be corrupted. By reflecting that belief in their attitudes and behavior, the hippies at very least perform a useful function; they remind us constantly that a revolution is not simply a transfer of power, but also a change in the goals for the sake of which power is exercised and a new choice in the objects of love, hate, and respect. Also, the hippies have the advantage of being able to point out, to those who still talk about "freedom at gunpoint" in a world dripping with



"However violent America's civil struggles may be, the fact remains that the best return on violence is achieved by its marriage to the legal resources offered by America's political system."

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"The grape workers' strike reflects almost all the characteristics of an American conflict situation."

blood that has been shed in vain, that this slogan is nothing more than an outdated jingoism.

It is not impossible that intimations of a new and even more thoroughgoing technological advance, and a radical extension of the applications of biological science, may have already decided the question of a "return to nature." The same sort of intimations, or presentiments, acted as a warning signal to man in the 1760s, before the first great technological revolution. And today, as in the time of Rousseau, the struggle for the preservation of the beauty and benefits of nature reveals our need to believe in the goodness of man, or of oneself, and the need to prove that goodness to ourselves. It is making us turn away from a single culture to several cultures. For that reason, it is absurd to regard the ecological battle as a mere skirmish or a spin-off from the main war. The ecological battle is one of the pieces of the revolutionary puzzle, and it is necessary to complete the picture. It gives us the emotional energy necessary, for example, to challenge the omnipotence of the great industrial empires; and such energy is not engendered by a political program, no matter how clear it may be. Not a week passes that we do not hear talk of a law forbidding the use of internal combustion engines by 1975, or of legal actions by New York State or other states to force the airlines to filter their jet-exhaust fumes.

We should have no illusions about the immediate efficacy of these steps, for it seems that the graver the problem, the less money the nation-state can devote to its solution. The protection of the environment, in effect, presents problems the solutions to which it is difficult to envision; indeed, some experts see the situation as desperate. In any case, the alarm has been sounded more energetically and more passionately in the United States than anywhere else. And, characteristically, it has taken two forms: that of scientific and technical research, and that of a collective emotion that is incomparably more intense and widespread in the United States than anywhere else. "Earth Day" in America was one huge pantheistic feast. Some say it is because "America is more polluted than any other country." Europeans always believe that nature is non-existent in the United States. They think of the whole country as one vast Chicago. They forget that the populations of the United States and the nations of the Common Market are approximately equal—but that the area of the latter could fit comfortably into one-eighth the area of the United States. It comes as a surprise to a European, when he flies over America, to see that the country has more open space than it does cities. And we see many American cities surrounded by open countryside, and practically hidden by greenery because of the practice (even in cities of a million people) of building houses on wooded lots.

The young men and women who, on a Saturday in California, walk naked through the forests, singing and playing their guitars and flutes, those who lie down in front of bulldozers to prevent trees from being uprooted, those who go to live in hippie communes—these people rarely come from places as suffocated by bad air and garbage as New York, or Paris, or London. There is a good deal more to the ecological movement than the effect of a practical determinism. After all, for thousands of years mankind has lived (and, for the most part, still lives) by drinking contaminated water, and he has survived the resulting dysentery and typhoid epidemics. Suffering apparently is not enough to move one to fight for a better environment. Malaria has never caused a revolution. In order to fight, one must be able to see a clear relationship among nature, technology, economic power, and political power.

One must also be able to rise to the belief that nature belongs to every man, and to the realization that an oil slick on the ocean affects one's own good or, better, one's own happiness. The development of such a belief therefore implies the existence of a political awareness that calls for the reshaping of intrasocial relations, for co-proprietorship, for co-dependence, for co-responsibility. Those who still believe that the ecological movement is part of a plan to distract people, a sort of political smoke screen, may not have seen a *New Yorker* cartoon in which one elderly and obviously wealthy golfer expresses his belief to another that the whole "ecology business" is "just another Commie trick." Hardly. The Communists, in fact, are as backward about ecology as they are about women and contraception. But, just as Europeans still believe that Americans are puritanical, they still picture Americans as slaves to "gadgets" and pollution-creating machines. The truth is that there is no country in the world where automobiles, for example, are treated more like ordinary tools—or where people drive less like maniacs. Moreover, it is in America that the moral revolution, and the ecological revolution that is part of it, have initiated an ear of caution, if not of outright mistrust, with respect to machines and "the techno-electronic society."

We can therefore conclude that a counter-culture, a counter-society, has already sprung up in the United States. And it is, as it must necessarily be, a counter-society that has nothing marginal about it. It is a revolutionary universe, characterized by the demand for equality of sexes, races, and age groups; by the rejection of the authori-

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tarian relationship on which rest all societies that have been stratified by force and despotism; by the transformation of directed culture into productive culture; by the rejection of nationalism in foreign policy; by the realization of the outdated character of the "authority of the state," constituted without sufficient participation by the people, and exercised under conditions that allow an abuse of power to a degree that has become intolerable; by an insistence on economic and educational equality; by a radical reappraisal of the goals of technology and its consequences; by a demand for absolute individual and cultural freedom, without moral censorship—which is a variant in the rejection of an authoritarian relationship. When all these demands have been met, it is highly probable that we will have a *homo novus*, a new man very different from other men.

These incentives for revolution, by their cohesiveness, by the great number of Americans who support them, and by the changes in depth that they have already achieved in the sensitivity, conduct, habits, thoughts, and acts of Americans, can be described as the first stage of a revolution. What usually happens is that a political revolution occurs at the top, and that no social revolution follows to make the political revolution durable. In the United States, however, the social revolution has been largely achieved. What remains to be seen is the possible political application of the reservoir of energy constituted by this mass counter-society.

A revolutionary force therefore exists. The results of its activity also exist: There are two societies, two humanities now confronting each other whose views on the future can hardly be reconciled. We can therefore say that a point of crisis has been reached. Not a halfway point. Not a crisis over this or that particular thing. But a crisis over society itself. What will be the outcome? The true revolutionary solution is to place oneself at the point at which the lines being drawn will converge, and to refrain from adopting any solution from the past.

The American "movement" has been compared to primitive Christianity, sometimes favorably in order to hail the dawning of a new era; and sometimes unfavorably, in order to analyze the narcissistic elements of dissent. The Black Panthers, on the other hand, call themselves "Marxist-Leninists"; and the students of the Free Speech Movement, who play a dominant role in the New Left, call upon Marx, Lenin, Guevara, and Mao. (In one scene from *The Strawberry Statement*, a female student asks, "Did you know that Lenin liked large breasts?"—as she uncovers her own enormous pair.) The pro-Chinese Progressive Labor Party, whose student branch (WSA, or Workers-Students Alliance) set off the occupation of the Harvard campus in the spring of 1969, still clings to the dogma of the working class as the only revolutionary avant-garde—a position which, given the American situation, is rather quaint. The Weathermen, on the other hand, following in the footsteps of Trotsky, Guevara, and Marcuse, believe that a world revolution can only come from the Third World and from the blacks.

"In order to fight, one must be able to see a clear relationship among nature, technology, economic power, and political power."

The religious element of the American movement is undeniable. The *need for sacredness* is being satisfied by the confused adoption and the hit-or-miss practice of Oriental religions, and by a return to the Indian cult of natural foods, to astrology (according to which we have now entered the Age of Aquarius, and the astral implications of that fact are being studied diligently), and to a rediscovery of Christianity. Above all, however, this need is being satisfied by the application of a traditional principle that has always been successful in America: The best religions are those that you find for yourself.

America has never had a state religion, either officially or otherwise. European wits who make fun of the endemic religiosity of America, as exemplified by the presence of Bibles in hotel rooms and the inscription "In God We Trust" on money, would do better to reflect on the consequences of a very important cultural fact: that no church of any kind has ever dominated, either by law or de facto, the

THE ONLY POSSIBLE GOAL

The expression "world revolution" means, simply, revolution for the revolution of the twentieth century must, of its nature, be worldwide, or it will not be a revolution at all. The meaning of the term "the revolution of the twentieth century" is equally clear: the revolution that will solve the problems of the twentieth century. Such problems are not hard to identify, and I should mention a few of those upon which not merely human progress but human survival itself depends. We must eliminate the threat of atomic suicide; we must enforce disarmament and put an end to war; we must stabilize the birthrate; we must equalize the standard of living; and we must protect and make use of the Earth's resources in accordance with a unique plan of conservation and development. Even this preliminary list is sufficient to make clear that the problems involved can be solved only on a planetary scale and by a world government. World government is the only possible goal of a revolution today, as it is the only goal that can make a revolution feasible.

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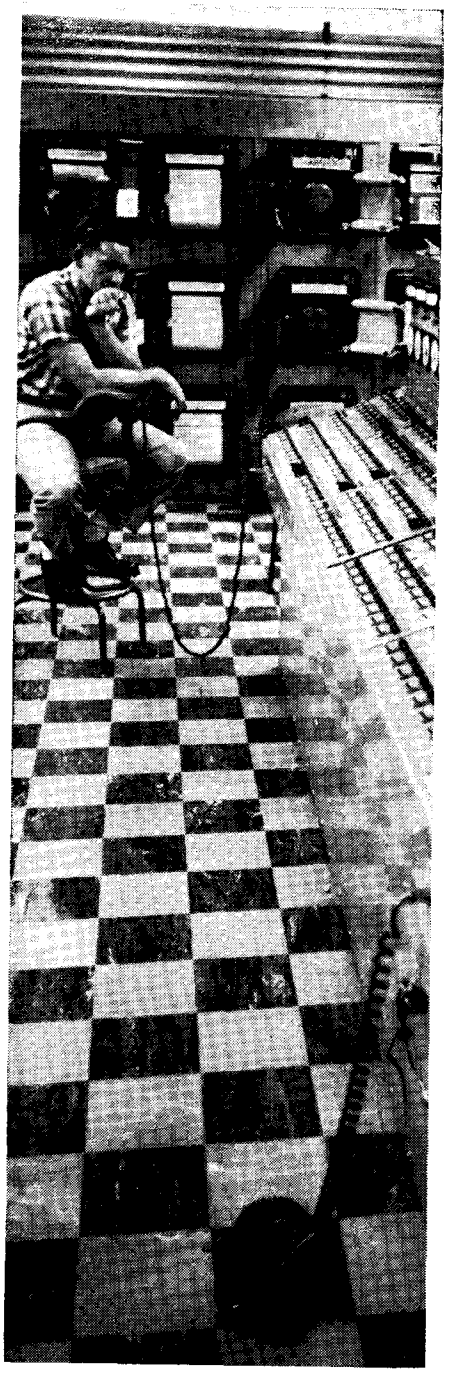

"Beneath every revolutionary ideal we find a conviction that man has become a tool of his tools."

moral, intellectual, artistic, or political life of that immense country. It is true that the President of the United States swears his oath of office on the Bible, and that the President of France does not. The President of France, however, is not the one who is more free of confessional influence. And the same can be said if we compare the two countries (not to speak of Italy or Spain) from the standpoint of freedom from religious influence in the classroom, in the newspaper office, and in the publishing house. *The Yearbook of American Churches* (1969 edition) lists seventy-nine established religions in the United States—and by "established" it means those which have no fewer than 50,000 members. If we go below the 50,000 mark, the various churches may be numbered in the thousands. Just in Los Angeles, one could change one's religion every day of the year, if one wished to do so; for some of these religions last only a few months, or until their founders tire of the whole thing.

Standing in front of the Berkeley campus at noontime, one can see a group of "Buddhist monks" go dancing by in long yellow robes, their feet bare, their heads shaved—all natives of Oregon or Arizona. Meanwhile, a group of Christian hippies tries to drown out the Buddhists' drums by shouting the name of Jesus, and a "naturist pantheist" sells fruits and vegetables grown without fertilizer. Jesus has always been an honored figure in hippie mythology, and there is a group that calls itself "Street Christians" or "Jesus Freaks." The name Jesus Freaks was at first a term of derision, but the adherents of the cult took it over for themselves. They had no difficulty in finding rich, and generous, benefactors. One of them brought up the aspect of "primitive Christianity," of which some of the Woodstock people were already conscious. "I think you are being *very first century*," he told his friends. The Jesus Freaks have founded several hundred communes, both rural and urban, and they have their own underground newspaper, called *Right On*, in which they inveigh against sexual promiscuity, homosexuality, and drugs. They admit, however, that the drug culture possesses a spirituality that is lacking in the alcohol culture. (The religious connotation of drugs is important; as is the opposition between the two cultures: that of pot and that of the dry martini.)

Even though the Jesus Freaks are in favor of restrictions on personal liberty and call for a renunciation of "permissiveness" (a reversal which would be difficult to bring about), their movement may consolidate itself solely under its religious aspect and lead to a gigantic dropping-out. Or millions of people may drop out and invent religious cults of their own. I once read this graffito on a wall of the Santa Cruz campus: "When peace is outlawed, only outlaws can have peace." Thus, a massive counter-society continues to develop, one which lives on the fringes of technological society. For the moment, the latter is wealthy enough to afford a counter-society; but if the counter-society begins to grow excessively, it is obvious that the rate of economic growth in America will immediately begin to slow.

This effect upon economic growth is a possibility. It will not, however, resolve the crisis. One can conceive of a sort of suicide of technological society,

THE FLOW OF INFORMATION

It is not possible for an American public official to refuse to reply to the demands of journalists for information and explanations.

The present decline of parliamentary government (a decline less pronounced in the United States than elsewhere) has been balanced and remedied by the control exercised by the media. The word "control" is not too strong, for it is obvious that a man in public life feels obliged, in moments of crisis, to appear before the cameras and explain a political action or even an aspect of his private life.

The fact that Spiro Agnew, the embodiment of American conservatism, was so unhappy about the news coverage of the two largest networks (CBS and NBC) demonstrates at least that their coverage is presenting a picture of America with which he does not agree. And that is hard to reconcile with our conviction, in Europe, that the American networks are the servants of high finance and conformism, and that they are obliged to present a "doctored" version of the news. What happens, in fact, is that all of America's problems are on public view on the television screen.

In the United States, television produces a constant rubbing-of-elbows among communities that, without television, might never meet, but that, through television, know one another with some intimacy. Direct coverage of a black riot or of police intervention on a campus not only allows the population as a whole to become better "informed" and to "reflect" on that information—which is the classic concept of information—but also transforms the spectator into an actor. It makes him more than the product of his own personal experience; it incorporates him into the event.

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an asphyxiation of American power from within, an immense boycott that would weaken and disorganize production. Then America, inhabited by vagrant mystics and ruined bankers, would crumble and sink into the Third World. At that point, international justice would be established, and, with imperialism dead at its source, the world would once again move toward democratic socialism. But there is one catch: Without scientific and technical progress backed by economic power—progress and power of which America is the main source—the world's problems are insoluble. Moreover, this fictive withdrawal of America into itself would aggravate the country's domestic problems, since it would destroy the very means of satisfying the demands of the blacks, the poor, women, students, and the cities. These groups would then rise up once more, and the result would be a process of decomposition without the possibility of a solution, instead of a revolution—which is a process of disintegration *with* a solution and a new integration of conflicting forces. America's economic and social downfall would make almost certain a drift to the right among the middle classes, and an authoritarian political regime. It is nonetheless possible that a new religion of the future is being born in the world of the American underground. I do not know for certain. If that is the case, however, I doubt very much that it will be productive, from a revolutionary standpoint, in the immediate future.

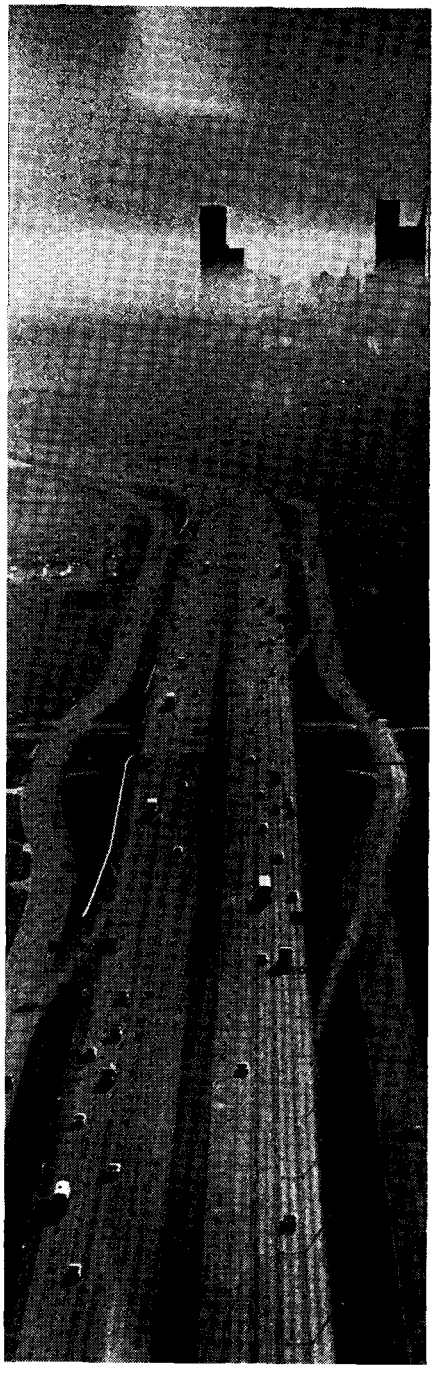
These perspectives—or rather, this lack of perspectives—serve to show the limitations of dissent. These limitations have often been discussed—by psychiatrists particularly, and with great perception—as childish efforts to skirt the "principle of reality." Regarding the ability of dissent to transform reality, Bruno Bettelheim, in the United States, has much the same reservations as those expressed in Europe by André Stéphane in *L'Univers contestationnaire*. According to Stéphane, no revolution can be based on a rejection of reality. The middle-class youth (i.e., today's student and dissenter) is not so much in revolt against his father as he is unwilling to recognize his father's presence as it exists. Youth, Stéphane says, is dominated by narcissism, self-admiration, and intolerance—all of which are characteristic of the phases of sexual development anterior to the Oedipus complex. A true revolutionary spirit, however, leads one, not to run away from his father, but to take his father. This doing-away with the father with his father, but to *become* his own father. This doing away with the father (only in the youth's imagination, of course) brings us to the Oedipal universe; that is, a universe dominated by the mother, who is simultaneously good and evil, indulgent and frustrating—that is, the prototypical consumer society—from whom youth demands everything and whom he wishes to destroy.

What characterizes the narcissistic stage is the child's desire to have everything at once. If he is not satisfied, then he takes refuge in the hallucinatory fulfillment of his desires. The need for omnipotence makes progressive action impossible, for narcissism ignores the principle of reality and refuses to admit the incompatibility of contradictory solutions. To the narcissistic child, the idea of making choices is unbearable.

We know how difficult it is for dissenters to describe the kind of society they long for. This lack of precise ideas, it is sometimes said, is justifiable; after all, it is up to adults to supply solutions. The role of the young is merely to express dissatisfaction, *modo grosso*. This explanation, however, ignores two facts. First, that the spirit of dissent is far from being the exclusive property of the young; and second, that the spirit of dissent excludes all concrete solutions, for solutions are always partial and always subject to expiration, either short-term or long-term.

Any technical discussion, any reservation concerning details—even on the part of those who approve of the dissenters' demands, but who emphasize the difficulties inherent in their practical realization—is regarded by the dissenter as an overall rejection and as an act of hostility. To begin a technical discussion is to call the dissenter back to reality, and that is something intolerable to someone for whom only total and instantaneous gratification exists, and who therefore cannot accept either the quid pro quo or the step-by-step progress of revolutionary action—let alone of reformism. Everything that contradicts the magical power of words is experienced as a repetition of the original narcissistic wound that was inflicted upon the infant when he first discovered his lack of independence with respect to his environment.

In this universe of all or nothing, of black and white, there is no question of action, but only of redemption. It is not by chance that dissent has been absorbed into some major branches of Christianity and then refurbished and translated into religious terms. The redeemer may be the workman, the black, or the poor. All the dissenter needs is someone who is suffering, a victim that he can help. Since the Six-Day War, he has found it difficult to forgive the Jews for no longer being downtrodden. Victorious Jews do not



"The [ecological] alarm has been sounded more energetically and more passionately in the United States than anywhere else."

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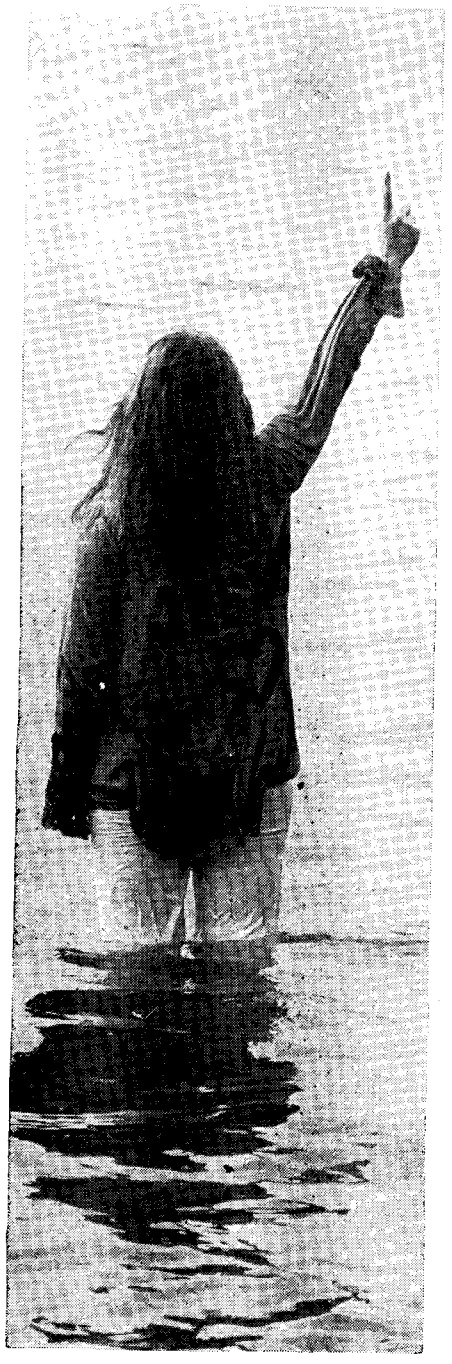

"The religious element of the American movement is undeniable. The need for sacredness is being satisfied."

make good subjects for crucifixion. The rapidity with which some of Israel's friends have dropped that country, without bothering to analyze in detail the causes of the 1967 conflict, indicates that being pro-Israeli has lost its power to absolve from guilt. By the same token, we can easily see why it is necessary for workers to be miserable. "Are you hungry?" students asked the striking workers at the Renault plant —to the astonishment, and amusement, of the workers. If the workers are happy, they can no longer be the dissenter's means of redemption. This is the source of the Marcusian critique of the consumer society, which has as its purpose to reinstate the proletariat in its role as victim—this time by means of the subterfuge of "alienation." Therefore, we are not allowed to admit that the situation of the blacks in America has improved in the past twenty years. Thus to equate the well-being of the proletariat with a sort of counter-revolutionary terrorism presupposes serious distortion of the revolutionary ideal, and the existence of major conflicts within oneself.

No revolution can result from a pretension that one embodies absolute good and opposes absolute evil. For that reason, the ease with which purveyors of the irrational have taken over the movement of dissent is disturbing—as disturbing as the spirit of intolerance that has resulted. I am not the first one to notice the similarities between certain themes of dissent and certain themes of prewar fascism. We find the most rabid diatribes against the flabbiness of the French people as examplified by illustrated magazines, paid vacations, retirement benefits, before-dinner drinks, and the national lottery, in the works of Brasillach, Rebatet, and Céline—all celebrated fascists. And Mussolini himself pronounced high-sounding words against those who longed for the "easy life"—words that would have easily evoked applause in 1968 from certain student audiences so long as one did not mention Mussolini's name. (In fact, some practical jokers did exactly this in Berlin, with great success.)

Must we then conclude that dissent leads to counter-revolution? I do not think we can go that far, but it seems certain that dissent, in itself, does not constitute a revolution. In today's societies, dissent is a necessary condition of revolution, but it is not a sufficient condition; it must be completed by something else.

By what? This brings us to a second hypothesis (the religious hypothesis being the first). For the most enterprising among the adherents of the Free Speech Movement, the necessary "something else" is the classic Marxist revolution; that is, the overthrow of capitalism and its political system by the oppressed classes. And this is also the view of all the partisans of the various "power" movements: black power, brown power (the Mexican-Americans), red power (the Indians), sex power (women), student power—all of which are united under the motto "Power to the People." Marxist groups and Christian groups easily find common ground in "Zen Marxism" and "Pop Marxism"; and young people for whom "Jesus is the best trip" and the Mao-Guevara group arrive at an easy understanding with each other. The only problem is that such understandings are more likely to lead them to the comforts of religion than to the joys of power.

Revolution has been defined, quite accurately, as "a movement of dissent that succeeds in attaining power." Within that context, we may add that the crucial question of our time is this: How does one go from dissent to revolution? The answer, I think, depends on the meaning that we attach to the words "attaining power" in the above definition. In societies where government has a rudimentary and centralized form, the process of attaining power is relatively simple and quick. In a nation as complex as the United States, however, power does not fall into the hands of anyone who succeeds in mounting an attack on the Capitol. And that is why the urban guerrilla warfare that we hear so much about is

THE ART OF LIVING

It should be noted that the Americanization of the world results not only from American technological superiority but also from the use of the esthetic imagination, which is more pronounced in the United States than anywhere else in the world, in the plastic arts, in new musical forms, in the audiovisual arts, in furnishings, in the dance, and in the theater. It can be argued, of course, that the prototypes of contemporary architecture and contemporary furnishings were of Scandinavian or Italian origin. Even so, the fact remains that the Americans, and not the Scandinavians or the Italians, transformed these prototypes into commonplace realities. They made of them a style of decorating, a standard of comfort and of esthetics, both in private homes and in public places, in kitchens and in offices. They articulated, in effect, an "art of living" that is much more real than its European counterpart, for all the latter's aristocratic (and mythical) pretensions.

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not actually a war of revolution, nor a transition from dissent to revolution, but only a form of armed dissent. It is merely the intensification of a form of action, and not the adoption of a new form. The anarchists who, at the end of the nineteenth century, made a practice of killing customers in Parisian cafés with bombs were belligerent dissenters, but they were not revolutionaries. Their chances of gaining power were zero. And the sine qua non of revolution is that power must change hands. Sometimes this transfer takes time, even though it is a revolutionary process; that is, it is brought about by means that go beyond, and violate, the normal rules of the political game. These means, however, must be relevant to the composition of a society and proportionate to the forces involved.

In the case of the United States, one can hardly pretend that there really exists a Silent Majority and that, at the same time, the only possible course of action is civil war. For absolute insurrection to succeed, the Army and the police must stand side by side with the insurgents, and that seems hardly likely in a country where the notion of a Constitutional consensus is so deeply ingrained. The only thing that could bring about civil war would be a military disaster, accompanied by a state of acute physical want, such as occurred in Russia in 1917, or a war of national liberation, like that in China. And both those hypotheses are hopelessly unrealistic. Moreover, civil war presupposes the existence of certain sociological conditions that are not found in the United States. In America class warfare is not a battle of "class against class." This psychological Manichaeism exists only in the minds of those who have fallen victim to it. America is not composed of a monolithic Silent Majority on one side (first of all, because it is not a majority at all; and second, because it is never silent) and, on the other side, a bloc of "victims of capitalism."

When Michael Harrington's book on poverty in America (*The Other America*) was published in March 1962, the news that poverty existed in the midst of abundance came as a great shock to certain optimistic economists. At that time, $3,000 was regarded as the minimum income necessary for an urban family of four; an income below that level represented poverty. In 1968, this minimum income was raised to $3,553. By the end of 1970, it reached $3,700. Below that level, a family of four is eligible for public assistance, in the form of additional income. The average annual income in the United States—not by family, but per capita (in 1968)—was $3,412. In Portugal, it was $412. In Spain, $719. In Italy, $1,300. In France, $1,436. And in West Germany, $1,753. In these circumstances, poverty (which is defined in terms other than that of income—by housing, for example, and educational opportunity) affects between one-sixth and one-fifth of the American people. This percentage allowed Michael Harrington to speak of "the first poverty minority known to history"—meaning not that the number of poor was small, but that, for the first time, the usual breakdown of society into a few wealthy families and a vast majority of poor families had been reversed. Politically speaking, this fact necessitates a revision of one's tactics. We can no longer say that the oppressed at least have numbers on their side, and that, at the first weakening of the repressive system, it will be enough for them to rise and the whole apparatus of government will crumble. Out of a population of approximately 205 million people (according to the 1970 census), there are approximately 25 million "poor" people in the United States. To that category belong about 9 per cent of the black population, and about 8 per cent of the white; that is, some 8 million blacks (out of 25 million), and about 16 million whites (out of 168 million). The remaining "poor" are drawn partly from among the Puerto Ricans and partly from among the Mexican-Americans, who total respectively 1.5 million people and 500,000 people. It is obvious that the American poor do not constitute an actual "social class," neither by reason of its size relative to the whole, nor by its composition, since

ANTI-AMERICANISM

We might ask ourselves if anti-Americanism [in Europe], while apparently directed against the Rightist aspects of American society, is not sometimes inspired instead by a fear of the upheavals in America—i.e., a fear that they may spread to the rest of the world. And that fear, in the final analysis, is really a fear of revolution. If that is not so, how can we explain the fact that a man in 1971 can persist in believing, all evidence to the contrary, that America is inhabited not only by conservatives but, like all other countries, by opposing groups? How can he ignore the evidence that a battle is being fought in the United States, that its outcome is uncertain, but that the stakes are of the utmost importance for all mankind? Why would he breathe a sigh of relief every time he has the opportunity to strengthen his belief that reaction is triumphant in the United States?

"It is absurd to regard the ecological battle as a mere skirmish or a spin-off from the main war"

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"There are two societies, two humanities now confronting each other whose views on the future can hardly be reconciled."

the problem of poverty does not exactly coincide with the problem of racial minorities. One-third of non-white families in America, for example, have income of more than $8,000 per year. In an article published in 1969, Michael Harrington notes that the poor in no way constitute a "proletariat" in the socialist meaning of that term. And, in fact, the riots in the black ghettos of America might be called, like agitation on campus, a mixture of violence and pressure. If such riots and agitation were acts of pure violence resulting from an irreconcilable conflict of forces, and without an underlying "code," then the game would soon be over, both in the ghettos and on the campuses.

The progress, insufficient but undeniable, that has been made since the 1960 census in the fight against poverty, in the situation of the blacks, and in desegregation, is due to a subtle mixture of violent revolt on the part of the counter-society with the utilization of opportunities offered by democratic participation and of the means offered by the American political structure. An example of this is the strike of the California vineyard workers—a strike that ended, after five years, in July 1970 with a victory for the workers when the grape growers made all the concessions required of them. After the strike began, César Chavez, leader of the Chicanos (of whom many are not American citizens), organized a boycott of grapes that was remarkably successful in the large cities and especially on the campuses. The growers counter-attacked by activating their lobby at the Pentagon, and arranging to have the Army buy whatever grapes they could not sell. Whereupon, Chavez appealed his case to the Supreme Court, charging that the arrangement between the growers and the military constituted a violation of the antitrust laws; and the Court ruled in his favor. Thanks to the media, the Chicanos' cause became a nationwide cause. On the eve of his assassination, Robert Kennedy took part, at Chavez's side, in a mass rally of Mexican-Americans. Even so, the strike went on for two more years, until July 25, 1970, when the grape growers' spokesman telephoned Chavez to say that the growers recognized his negotiations committee and that they accepted his demands.

The grape workers' strike reflects almost all the characteristics of an American conflict situation. It included a racial and cultural minority, and racial minorities in the United States play the role of a revolutionary fermenting agent. (Many whites, for instance, have had their political consciences awakened by working alongside blacks during marches and sit-ins.) The boycott was able to succeed because it received the support of liberal whites in the cities—epitomized by Kennedy—and of radical students; and this support was a manifestation of the division existing within the privileged classes and the governing elite. At a decisive moment, the law, by way of the Supreme Court, intervened to support Chavez's cause. Inter-union solidarity made it possible for the strikers to hold out for five years, and freedom of information allowed them to present their case on a basis of equality with the grape growers.

The tactics adopted in this particular case would have had to be quite different if the Judicial branch and the judges, as happens in some other countries, had been either too prejudiced or too servile to render their decision on the basis of law. Also, it would have been ridiculous to depend on "formal" democracy in the abstract. In each case, the only thing that can be considered is the level at which the existing legal system operates, both in social conflicts and in conflicts between the citizen and those in power. This level (which is non-existent in some countries, average in others, and relatively high elsewhere) should be the determining factor in appraising the possibilities offered by a particular situation.

Thus, Hucy Newton, chief of the Black Panthers, who had been sentenced to fifteen years for the murder of a policeman, was released on bail on August 15, 1970, as the result of a ruling by the Court of Appeals of the state of California, upheld by the Supreme Court of that state, which set

REVOLUTION'S STAR SYSTEM

Revolution is only partly the accomplishment of militant minorities; it is, and must be—if its results are to endure—the occasion for multiple changes at every social level. The story that revolutions are made by a handful of conspirators is based upon the precedent of the Russian Revolution, and it proves nothing. Its only reason for existence is to flatter the egos of revolutionaries who regard themselves as specialists and who believe that revolution is a monopoly within which there is a Hollywood star system. These revolutionary "leaders" talk a lot about the spontaneity of the masses, but they are quick to condemn that spontaneity if it does not harmonize with their own ambitions. They are outraged when the people demand reforms that do not have their approval; they say that a worker is "alienated" when he goes beyond the guidelines they have set up. This reintroduction of a power elite into a revolutionary framework is one of the principal reasons why revolutionary activity in Europe lags so far behind that in the United States.

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aside the verdict of the lower court and ordered a new trial on the grounds that the court had not taken into account the fact that Newton himself had been wounded, and that, at the moment when he shot the policeman, he was not in full possession of his faculties. As soon as he was free, Newton paraded triumphantly through the streets of Oakland and then held a television news conference in his lawyer's office. He announced his intention of contacting the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris with the offer of an unspecified number of black volunteers who were willing to fight alongside the Vietcong and help the Vietnamese people in their struggle against the American aggressors. One wonders whether a French citizen who belonged to a terrorist organization during the Algerian war, and who was out on bail in the same circumstances (which would have been impossible in any case), could have brazenly announced his intention of forming a private army to fight the French in North Africa.

However violent America's civil struggles may be (and those struggles are essentially those on the campuses and those of the racial minorities), the fact remains that the best return on violence is achieved by its marriage to the legal resources offered by America's political system. And this is especially true since the country's federal structure, and the autonomy of its municipalities, allows one to act at several levels and provides numerous methods of recourse. For example, when a demonstration is forbidden in France, there is never any doubt about the source of the prohibition. If it is a question of a major political demonstration, it is the government; that is, the Minister of the Interior or one of the prefects. In the United States, however, when a demonstration is forbidden, the first question everyone asks is, "By whom?" It could be the president of a university, the municipality, the county, or the state (the Mayor of New York and the Governor of New York rarely see eye to eye), and the same holds true for the aftermath of a demonstration. After the death of four students at Kent State University, the federal government ordered an inquiry. The Department of Justice subsequently released the FBI's report, which concluded that it had not been necessary for the National Guard to open fire, and that no member of the Guard had been struck by stones. Moreover, the report recommended that six Guardsmen be indicted for second-degree murder, and it went on to list the name, rank, unit, and home address of each of the six. In such circumstances, we can hardly pretend that armed insurrection is the only revolutionary activity possible in the United States; that there must be a complete break with the Establishment, without hope of negotiation; and that one must "conquer or die" in accordance with a script written in the nineteenth century for use against such autocratic empires as those of the Hapsburgs or the Russian Czars. If such a regime existed in the United States, there would be no hope for the black people. The blacks constitute only 11 per cent of the population, and only a small part of these (between 5 and 10 per cent, maximum) favor the methods of the Black Panthers. By the same token, the terrorist policy of the Weathermen, the extremist faction of the SDS (students of the Left), is acceptable to only 2 or 3 per cent of the students. American Marxism-Leninism and Maoism, in fact, proceed on the basis of an error in analysis, since the white working class is, on the whole, conservative; since the business world favors reform; since the federal government, for the past twenty years, has been on the side of the blacks and against local racism; and since in 1969 and 1970 the Senate (with strong Republican backing) inflicted a humiliating defeat on the White House by refusing to confirm two Nixon nominees to the Supreme Court, both Southerners, one of whom, many years before, had made a racist speech.

Paradoxically, the United States is one of the least racist countries in the world today. A large black minority has lived alongside the whites for many years, and the fight against racism, its extirpation and the analysis of its symptoms, a preoccupation with its rejection in others and with its domination in oneself—all these things are a reality with which America lives. Many other countries, however, are experiencing an upsurge in popular racism: the French, the Swiss, and the English, who, for the first time in their history,

"When all these demands have been met, it is highly probable that we will have a homo novus, *a new man very different from other men."*

REVOLUTION AND THE THIRD WORLD

The myth of a revolutionary Third World—by which I mean a Third World that is intrinsically and automatically revolutionary—is evidence of a nostalgia for the past, or, once more, of an obsession with the past. Obviously, one cannot start a revolution in a politically liberal industrial society by copying the tactics of a peasant uprising in feudal times, or by emulating those of a war of national liberation waged by a colonized people. Nor can it reasonably be believed that a revolution, even one that is initially successful, can spread from a less complex society to a more complex one—that Castroism, say, can infect West Germany or Great Britain. It is hardly likely, therefore, that the underdeveloped countries can become a revolutionary model for the industrial powers.

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"In today's societies, dissent is a necessary condition of revolution, but it is not a sufficient condition; it must be completed by something else."

now find large North African, Portuguese, Jamaican, or Senegalese minorities in their midst. The problem is particularly serious because the social traditions of these countries contain no antibody against the disease of racism—no more than do the traditions of the East African countries that oppress their millions of Indian immigrants. It would be impossible for the American government to sell arms to South Africa (as the French government is doing) without causing a great popular protest. And it would not be, as in France, a protest by a few intellectuals that is promptly ignored.

The demands of black Americans are, after all, more *cultural* demands than *class* demands. The blacks are divided into several social classes among themselves. Their two chief preoccupations are poverty in the ghettos and cultural alienation. The latter is expressed uncompromisingly by the 400,000 to 500,000 black university students (out of a total student population of some seven million) who do not want merely to enter the universities in large numbers—as they are actually doing, thanks to the lavish distribution of scholarships—but who also, within the universities, want to receive an education that has no connection with that given to the whites. They do not wish to know about white literature, white science, white history, or white theater; and they do not want white teachers—an attitude that will contribute greatly to an explosion in America in the years to come.

Black Marxism-Leninism does not seem able to become either politically operative or intellectually illuminating in American society. But then, neither does white Marxism-Leninism. It comes as no surprise that the "theoretical" works of the Yippie leaders—Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* and Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It*—are as puerile as they are incoherent. Nor should anyone be astonished by the fact that American "Marxists" are particularly fascinated by Mao, whose vague slogans save one the trouble of serious analysis. The tone of Maoism is that of a summary of Marxism-Leninism, embellished with folksy moral advice such as "We make progress when we are modest" and "The hardest thing is to act properly throughout one's whole life." Then there are truisms: "An army without culture is an ignorant army" and "Unilateral examination consists in not knowing how to see a question under all its aspects." Mao is not a theoretician, or at least he is not an original theoretician. His few theoretical works, such as *On Practice* and *On Contradiction*, are limited to popularizing and simplifying Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*. These writings, like all his texts, are products of circumstance and of battle, intended to bring political pressure to bear on a particular tendency either within or outside of the Chinese Communist party. The Leninist-Stalinist ideology, once adopted by Mao, was never rethought by him. When he appears to be creating an ideology, he is really pursuing a tactic.

The idea of a "cultural army" goes far back in Mao's works. There again, however, he is not innovating: Culture is always the reflection of political and social reality. Once the economic revolution has been accomplished, therefore, one must look to the cultural revolution. This view is entirely in conformity with that of militant Leninism, without the slightest personal variation. I should make it clear that it is not my intention to formulate a political judgment with respect to China. I wish only to say that a study of Mao's texts leads me to conclude that, philosophically, the little Red writer does not exist; there is no "Chinese version" of Marxism; and there is no "thought of Mao."

The worst that could happen to the Free Speech Movement in America would be for it to become involved with a nineteenth-century ideology and to see its creativity emasculated by a desire to make it conform to concepts forged in the prehistoric period of modern revolutions. The strength of the American movement is that, up to now, it has been able to discover modes of action that are suited to its circumstances and that work effectively at all levels of the society it is fighting. If this revolutionary inspiration is allowed to be trapped in the theoretical dustbins of Europe, where one spends more time asking whether it is possible to make a non-Marxist revolution than in making revolutions, it will weaken and waste away. Let me repeat: Revolution is not imitation. Revolution is not a settling of accounts with the past, but with the future. American revolutionaries sense this; and that is the reason for American originality in comparison to Europe—as unpleasant as that fact may be for European students, who consider themselves to be more Left than Americans, and especially more intelligently Left. It is also the reason why American youth is actually *creating* a revolution in place of, and prior to, visualizing a revolution. For, as Noam Chomsky observed, "The most stupid men learn how to talk, while even the most brilliant monkeys never learn."

I do not mean to imply that the classic forms of social struggle do not exist in America. White workers in America are very fond of combat, and union strikes are very complete and very

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THE FIRST REVOLUTION

If one is willing to distinguish between a revolutionary undertaking and a revolution; if one is willing to judge revolution on a basis other than that of fads; if one can believe that the only real results are long-term results; if one is willing to qualify as "revolutionary" only those concerted and permanent transformations that mark the passage from one civilization to another (for the term has no meaning when applied to the least little change); if we are willing to do all these things, then it is possible that history can provide us with an idea of what a world revolution should be. Except for the revolution that we are expecting (or that we can hope has already begun), there has been only one other world revolution in modern history. And that was the revolution that consisted in the political transformations effected during the second half of the eighteenth century in England, in the United States, and in France. That revolution was the only revolution ever to keep more promises than it broke and to create a world that more or less conformed, or at least was comparable, to its original ideals. In other words, it was the only revolution, up to the present, to succeed.

long. There are, however, two things that frighten white workers: the cultural revolution and black power. When Mayor Daley in Chicago issued an order fixing the percentage of black workers who must be hired for every construction job, the white workers had exactly the same reaction as the peasants in the south of France or on Corsica have vis-à-vis repatriated Algerian colonists, whom they regard as "privileged" because the latter have credit and compensations that they themselves do not have. And, in fact, the white worker in an industrial society is in a peculiar position. He does not play the role assigned by Marx in the nineteenth century to the working class; he is the twentieth-century American equivalent of the nineteenth-century French peasant. In *The 18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte*, Marx expresses his disgust with the peasant who, concerned only with protecting his little piece of farmland (which was his share of the revolutionary conquests of 1789), voted against the urban proletariat and for the man who promised law and order. To be sure, the American blue-collar worker, although he may be highly paid on a basis of worldwide comparison, is not free of all material wants. But then, was the French peasant free of such wants? The fact that he was not, and that his living conditions were sometimes terribly difficult, did not prevent him from regularly throwing his weight behind the cause of conservatism. The workers in America's industrial society are much less submissive than were the French peasants, but they are as frightened by the extremists. And by *all* extremists. A Gallup poll, published on June 26, 1970, shows that they are equally opposed to the Black Panthers and to the Ku Klux Klan: 75 per cent of those polled were "highly unfavorable" to both groups.

So far as the so-called Silent Majority is concerned, it is difficult to evaluate it and its opinions. First of all, is it really a majority? According to a report in *Time* on the Middle American, this sociopsychological category comprises a little less than 100 million Americans, including 40 million workers and farmers, 20 million retired persons, and 36 million white-collar workers. What do the Middle Americans believe? Certain polls, such as the one conducted by CBS in the spring of 1970, indicate the existence of a clearly defined hostility toward campus disturbances and an overriding concern with law and order. Even so, this concern is less pronounced than in France. An IFOP poll taken at the time when the *loi anti-casseur* (establishing the principle of collective responsibility, which would be inconceivable in America) was being voted on, 65 per cent of French adults were favorable to the adoption of authoritarian measures against disorders among students in universities and high schools. In America, Amitai Etzioni, sociologist at Columbia University, after a study undertaken during the summer of 1969, concluded that the belief that America was moving toward the Right was a serious exaggeration of fact. According to Professor Etzioni, "in operational terms, the country is 65 per cent liberal, 21 per cent middle-of-the-road, and 14 per cent reactionary." (By "liberal" is meant "favorable to governmental intervention in matters of social progress.") This breakdown seems to be confirmed by the fact that, despite so much talk about law and order, all the great liberal legislative projects of the past few years either have come to a successful conclusion or are in the process of doing so: the Civil Rights Act of 1964, on the rights of black voters; laws on school desegregation; the Constitutional amendment on equal rights for women (1970); the lowering of the voting age to eighteen; more liberal laws on divorce, abortion, erotic material, and so forth. Mayors of several large cities—Washington, Cleveland, Newark—are black. And fi-

"No revolution can result from a pretension that one embodies absolute good and opposes absolute evil."

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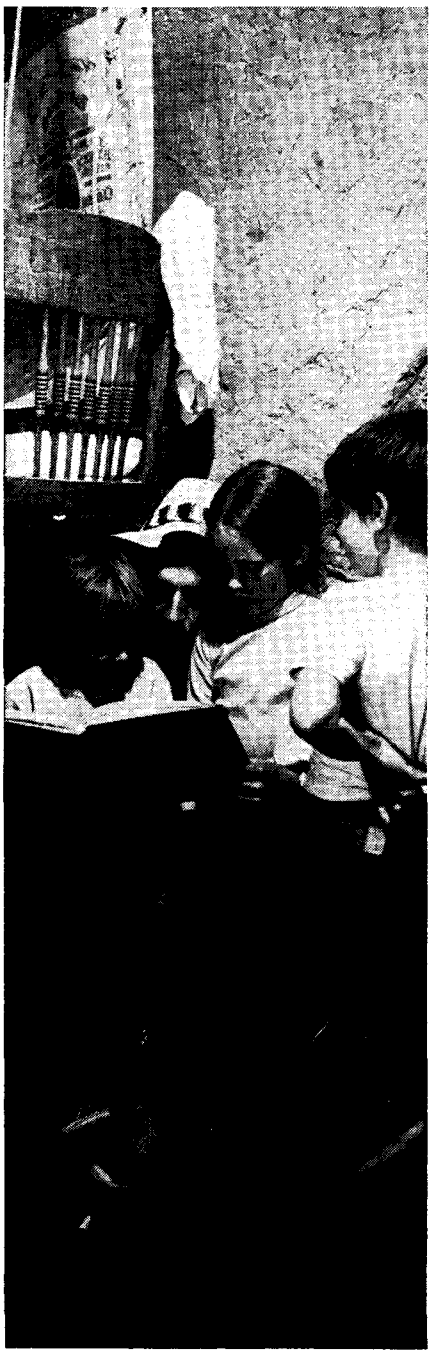

"A revolution is not simply a transfer of power, but also a change in the goals for the sake of which power is exercised and a new choice in the objects of love, hate, and respect."

nally it was noted that attempts of the Silent Majority to organize anti-moratorium demonstrations on a national scale regularly fall short of their goals. Barry Goldwater, the last Presidential candidate who had a chance of being elected and who ran on a right-wing platform, was defeated by the biggest popular-vote landslide in the history of American Presidential elections.

Of course, one can never exclude the possibility, in any country, of a trend toward authoritarianism. We can say, however, that the past decade gives no indication of a shift in that direction, even though unrest, riots, great changes in the style and principles of life, and a hardening of demands of all kinds are naturally resulting in fear, surprise, misapprehension, and anger in those who are becoming the captives of a new America of which they have not had the imagination to become the creators.

Never, in any country or at any time, has public opinion, however well informed it may have been (which was hardly ever the case), reflected an element of dissent sufficiently strong to make known its condemnation of its government's abuses in foreign policy, and thereby to create a real political problem. Public opinion can, on occasion, turn against domestic injustices, but it has never before been known to rebel against external crimes. The American student uprisings are directly associated with the students' rejection of the war in Vietnam. And this rejection is not merely the position of minorities—as proved by the state of semi-insurrection that greeted the announcement of the Cambodian intervention, and by the Senate vote on a document recalling the Constitutional obligation of a President to consult with the Congress before any commitment of American troops abroad.

A Harris poll of May 29, 1970, showed that 50 per cent of Americans were in favor of the Cambodian intervention, and 43 per cent were opposed. Has there ever been such a large percentage of citizens (or subjects) to condemn a kind of action that patriotism traditionally presents as legitimate and honorable?

Only rejection from within can cause the disappearance of imperialism. No imperialistic regime up to the present has ever been destroyed from without, by another imperialism. Therefore, the gain for humanity has been zero. The destruction of imperialism from within, and the application of the power on which it was based to other goals—that would be progress.

The interpretation of polls in this area is even more difficult than in domestic policy. The motives for condemning the war are of various kinds: Some are moral, idealistic; others are founded upon a clear perception of the necessity for a revolution in foreign policy in the form of an abandonment of traditional sovereignty; and still others are purely selfish—which is to say, isolationist. But the fact remains that, according to a poll taken at the end of June 1970, 56 per cent of the American people thought that America was wrong in the Vietnam War, and 36 per cent thought that America was right (8 per cent had no opinion). In view of the fact that the war had already been the cause of Johnson's downfall, Nixon announced, on August 5, 1970, that all American troops will have been withdrawn from Vietnam by the end of 1972. Even then, certain Cabinet members, followed by federal officials, protested against the President's plan for being too slow.

Even more important than the public-opinion polls is the fact that American youth has changed its mood with respect to America's role in the world in general. I realize that, for many people in Europe, Africa, Latin America, and Asia, it is difficult to tell the difference between the real activity of American imperialism and its imaginary role. "Imperialism" is too often a catch-all term that is useful in explaining both the failures of the Left in various countries and the economic failures or misfortunes of democracy. Was modern Greece, for example, really awaiting a sign from the CIA to succumb to dictatorship? And can one be sure that Brazil and Argentina did not have a sufficiently strong Right to ensure the success of fascism in those countries, even without the aid of foreign agents? I have no intention of trying to defend the CIA, but I would suggest that, when we speak of reactionary politics and police regimes, we tend to overestimate the talents of that organization and to underestimate our own.

It is significant that protests against the CIA and against imperialism originate among the American people, for this represents an important change in historical patterns—just as it would be an extraordinary sign of human evolution if there were even an abortive mass demonstration in Russia against the invasion of Czechoslovakia, anti-Semitism, and intervention in Egypt. Just as we seem able to ignore the fact that we Europeans exterminated the Indians; that we Europeans sold the blacks into slavery; that we Europeans started the process, and developed the methods, of subjecting the whole planet to the white race; so now, we want to forget the fact that the very existence of white America is a result of our invasion of the whole earth and,

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as it were, an extension and a continuation by proxy of Europe's onslaught against the rest of the world.

Today in America—the child of European imperialism—a new revolution is rising. It is *the* revolution of our time. It is the only revolution that involves radical, moral, and practical opposition to the spirit of nationalism. It is the only revolution that, to that opposition, joins culture, economic and technological power, and a total affirmation of liberty for all in place of archaic prohibitions. It, therefore, offers the only possible escape for mankind today: the acceptance of technological civilization as a means and not as an end, and—since we cannot be saved either by the destruction of the civilization or by its continuation—the development of the ability to reshape that civilization without annihilating it.

From the book *Without Marx or Jesus: The New American Revolution Has Begun* by Jean-François Revel, translated by Jack Bernard; translation Copyright © 1971 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Afterword

In the year since I put the finishing touches to *Without Marx or Jesus*, several important events have taken place to reinforce my idea that a revolution is in progress in the United States. Here are some of them:

● *The defeat of the Nixon-Agnew strategy in the midterm elections.* More than a revolutionary event, this was a remarkable test that refuted the thesis of all those, especially in Europe, who had announced the inevitable growth of the extreme Right in America. The test has shown that the Silent Majority, even if frightened by the agitation, is politically much better educated than was supposed.

● *The lowering of the voting age to eighteen.* This is the logical conclusion of the past decade, despite the Silent Majority's resentment of youth.

● *The acquittal of the Black Panthers.* It was often said that they could not possibly get a fair trial.

● *The sentencing of Lieutenant Calley.* For the first time in history, a soldier has been sentenced in wartime as a murderer by a tribunal of his own army for having killed human beings in the enemy camp. This sentence constitutes a total reversal of military values that have been honored for thousands of years and are upheld by conservatives and revolutionaries alike. Of capital importance here is the fact that the principle of "holy patriotism," which justifies everything, has been questioned for the benefit of a higher principle. Moreover, in the weeks that followed sentencing, both war veterans and the general public reacted quite intelligently, insisting not on Calley's innocence but on the guilt of his superiors and the political leaders. In my view, this whole affair ended up on the positive side, as a step beyond the limits of classic nationalism and as an essential element in what I call the world revolution.

● *The evolution of opinion polls during the last year.* They prove that, as a whole, the American public has reacted to the Vietnam defeat with a spirit of self-criticism and a re-examination of the policy of pure power, and not by an outburst of blind chauvinism.

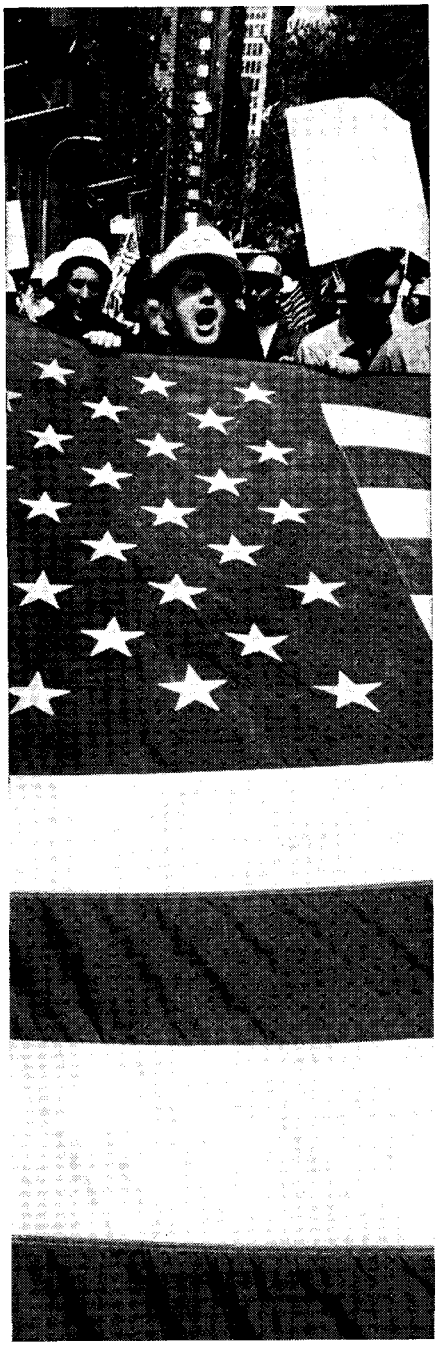
● *The victory of the principle of freedom of information and expression.* Some examples from this exciting year: the battle of the subpoenas, the CBS "Selling of the Pentagon" affair, and finally the Supreme Court decision on the Pentagon papers.

● *The intensification of the fight against the absolute power of corporations*—above all, in the context of the fight for a better environment, the defeat of the SST project.

All this amounts to an overall and quite rapid shift of American society to the left. It will be objected that I confuse simple reforms, or even the normal functioning of institutions, with genuinely revolutionary phenomena. I reply that this confusion is exactly what characterizes the specific nature of the American revolution. Its originality lies in the fact that profound changes that transform American society can take place without wrecking its institutions—or at least it is a condition for success that the changes do not wreck them.

The central problem of our time is that of a conciliation between revolution and democracy. It is a fact that countries where democracy works more or less—or countries in their sphere—are those against which revolutions are made, especially because they are rich countries. On the other hand, it is a fact that countries which make revolutions, particularly in the Third World, do so in order to destroy democracy or its possibility, and therefore, inevitably, in the long run also destroy the revolution. Therefore it is essential for humanity that there should exist a society capable of making a revolution without sacrificing democracy. The United States seems to be in this position, and confers on this process the significance of a worldwide prototype.

—JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL,
July 5, 1971



"The workers in America's industrial society are much less submissive than were the French peasants, but they are as frightened by the extremists."

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Business and the Revolution

When Jean-François Revel speaks of revolution in *Without Marx or Jesus* (page 14), he does not refer to an insurrection fomented by an angry minority against a contented majority. Quite the contrary. A true revolutionary situation exists, Revel says, only "when, in every cultural area of a society, old values are in the process of being rejected, and new values have been prepared, or are being prepared, to replace them." An enduring revolution, in other words, must be based on a critique of the status quo that commands wide consent. In a capitalist society, part of that consent must necessarily come from within the business establishment. If the new American revolution is to succeed according to Revel's scenario, it will need strong allies in the board rooms and executive offices of industry.

There is growing evidence that such allies are indeed joining the movement. A statement on the "Social Responsibilities of Business Corporations," just released by the influential Committee for Economic Development, shows which way the wind is blowing. The document can easily be faulted for fudging on specifics, but it is rife with those "new values" of which Revel speaks, and it comes not from the groves of academe or the bureaus of government but from the inner sanctums of big business.

Unlike the usual CED statements on national policy, this one does not make specific recommendations for action. Primarily, it is an educational document that reveals the trend of enlightened corporate thinking on the question of how business can best respond to the changing requirements of society. That business *must* respond is no longer matter for debate. The statement puts it this way: "There is now a pervasive feeling in the country that the social order somehow has gotten out of balance, and that greater affluence amid a deteriorating environment and community life does not make much sense. The discontinuity between what we have accomplished as producers and consumers and what we want in the way of a good society has engendered strong social pressures to close the gap—to improve the way the overall American system is working so that a better quality of life can be achieved for the entire citizenry within a well-functioning community. . . . Inasmuch as business exists to serve society, its future will depend on the quality of management's response to the changing expectations of the public."

Central to the CED report is an inventory of activities that American corporations can fruitfully pursue in order to satisfy these expectations. The areas include: education; employment and training; urban renewal and development; pollution abatement; conservation and recreation; culture and the arts; and medical care. No one doubts the resources and expertise that business can bring to these problems. The difficulty is that, in assuming new societal responsibilities, business almost inevitably must sacrifice some short-term profits. Certain advocates of business as usual maintain that corporations cannot for long allow social involvement to dilute profits. But the CED's view is that enlightened self-interest impels the corporations to promote the public welfare. Indeed, business is warned that if it "does not accept a fair measure of responsibility for social improvement, the interests of the corporation may actually be jeopardized."

The profit problem becomes particularly acute when not all corporations within a given industry are equally committed to social improvement. If Corporation C spends less on the public welfare than Corporations A and B, thereby maximizing its short-term profits, the other corporations may find it difficult to continue to pursue a long-term course of enlightened self-interest. The CED's answer to this difficulty will surprise those businessmen brought up in the rugged-individualist tradition of private enterprise. "If corporations cannot deal individually with major social responsibilities such as pollution because of competitive cost disadvantages, and if they are unable to cooperate in resolving such difficulties, then they logically and ethically should propose and support rational governmental regulation which will remove the short-run impediments from actions that are wise in the long run."

It is significant that Raymon H. Mulford, chairman of Owens-Illinois, Inc., headed the CED subcommittee that drafted the statement on "Social Responsibilities of Business Corporations." For many years Owens-Illinois has been getting high marks for its efforts in protecting the environment, aiding education, and employing the disadvantaged. Not every corporation has shouldered its social responsibilities with the same enthusiasm. And not every corporation will subscribe wholeheartedly to the principles enunciated in the CED report.

But the very fact that an organization of America's largest corporations should be addressing itself to the role of business as an instrument for social progress serves to underline the validity of M. Revel's thesis. Questions are being raised, issues debated, goals redefined in the classic bastions of privilege and power. It is true. The new American revolution has begun.

—Roland Gelatt.

As THIS issue goes to press, announcement has been made by Norton Simon, Inc., of the sale of the *Saturday Review* to a group consisting of John J. Veronis, Nicolas H. Charney, Dan W. Lufkin, and Louis Marx, Jr. A detailed report will appear in a later issue.

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The Uses of Liberation

The enemies of women's rights are not just those men who refuse to pay equal salaries for equal work or who refuse to permit women to share fully in the decisions that shape their society and even their own lives. The enemy is within the gates.

The other night we watched a television program featuring a number of women prominently identified with Women's Liberation. We had turned on the set in high anticipation. We were eager to learn about the prospects for mobilizing women to abolish war, reduce violence, and impart a quality of tenderness to the management of human society.

What we saw and heard in the discussion on Women's Liberation, however, had nothing to do with the prime needs of society. Nor was much attention given to the need to eliminate the foolish segregation of the sexes, or to provide day-care centers for children of working mothers. The conversation made it appear that the most important thing about liberation was freedom to masturbate and talk about it in public. Varying techniques were described at length. The emotional concomitants were duly identified. After a while, the conversation began to sound like a series of tape recordings made in a psychiatrist's office. Perhaps the analyst's couch would have been the most appropriate and productive place for the discussion.

Liberation is one of the most exalted words in history. It has produced towering ideas and efforts. It has been the inspiration for some of the world's finest and most enduring literature. It has been the greatest single force behind human progress. Over the years, names such as Solon, Galileo, Bruno, Mill, Milton, Alfieri, Bolivar, Juarez, Paine, and Jefferson have been the yardsticks of liberation. One hesitates to apply these yardsticks to the view of liberation that emerged from the television discussion we saw the other night. For it quickly became evident on the program that the freedom of women was being subordinated to the freedom to bore. Liberation can overcome anything except boredom.

It is not only in Women's Lib that one finds strange definitions of liberation. The Student Liberation movement began with important ideas about the need for students to share more fully in the design and conduct of their own operation. Such a capability for making responsible decisions was not too well served, however, by the action of certain liberation leaders in breaking into the offices of university presidents or deans, defecating on their desks, overturning library shelves, and urinating on the scattered books. Idiocy and vandalism are not the best proof of the need for self-determination, in education or anything else.

In the arts, there is a curious notion in some quarters nowadays that liberation is somehow to be equated not with freedom to create or to grow but with freedom to be exhibitionist and narcissist. The result is not a blow for liberation but a vast depression within the cultural and intellectual community. The outpourings of shrunken and confused minds may be indications of what is happening in our time, but they have very little to do with the enlargement of the human spirit, which is what freedom and liberation are all about.

In our own business—books and magazines—we are often astonished to see what passes for triumphant achievement in the cause of freedom. A writer we know exulted because he was able to get a half-dozen four-letter words past an editor who may well have been elated because he was able to get the same words into print past his editorial chief. At one time in the history of publishing, freedom was connected to things worth saying. Writers like Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Walter Lippmann saw a connection between freedom to print and the need to do battle with predatory forces in the society. There is nothing wrong with the four-letter word per se; what is wrong is the disfiguration of values that makes the four-letter word a symbol of literary freedom and excellence.

Liberation is too important to be left to liberators who don't know what liberation is all about, who have little sense of history and even less sense of a vista for the human future. In the field of women's rights, new and important energies are needed for creating facilities to take care of children outside the home, or for giving women access to the most important jobs in the nation, or for eliminating attitudes and practices that discriminate against women, or for providing adequate outlets for the educated interests of women, and for enlisting the intelligence, good sense, and compassion of women in the governance of society. Such needs will be met only when a distinction is made between liberation and exhibition.

—N.C.

"I came here to ponder the futility of it all, but I can see it's useless."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Portrait of Artist

CINCINNATI.

WORD BAKER, who directed the longest-running show in New York theater history, *The Fantasticks*, is worried. He has begun his first year as the director of Playhouse in the Park too successfully. In the 225-seat Shelterhouse Theater, he broke the box-office record with *Angel Street* and then proceeded to top that figure with *The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*. And in the 672-seat Robert S. Marx Theater, productions of *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris* and *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* were very favorably received.

Because Baker knows that to accustom audiences to a steady stream of hits can be disastrous, he has eagerly brought into the Marx a challenging and difficult new play, Michael Straight's *Caravaggio*. The play, which follows the career of the sixteenth-century Italian painter, depicts the wretchedness of an artist who was constantly in trouble with the authorities of church and state.

The insuperable obstacle in almost any play about a great artist is that his paintings are apt to be more interesting than his life, and, happily, Straight, with an assist from scene designer Jo Mielziner, has accepted this inevitability and has contrived to use luminous projections of some of Caravaggio's paintings at key moments in the script. This device makes possible a didactic function as we see the living models for the paintings and how realistically Caravaggio reproduced them. Indeed, the debate between Caravaggio and the Carmelites who commissioned *Death of the Virgin* not only reveals the comparatively narrow vision of the church but also gives the audience a splendid lecture on the artist's methods and esthetics. Later on, a violent moment dramatically explodes into a huge projection of Caravaggio's anguished self-portrait. And at the end of the play we see the pitiful corpse of the artist in the center of the stage floor on which a montage of his immortal works shines in bright contrast.

This concept has dramatic value, and one can foresee other plays following a similar format with appropriate variations based on the lives of any number of artists.

Mielziner has also used the controversial Marx Theater in a most effective way. He has taken some of the dead-end acting areas in the side walls of the auditorium and connected them with steps to the central thrust stage. By means of a black inner proscenium arch, he not only has blocked out the distracting backstage area that used to be visible but has also made it possible for the director to get more intense focus on the stage action. Beyond these badly needed adjustments, Mielziner has beautifully related foreground to background by repeating the shape of his inner proscenium in the rearmost projections and by echoing on the stage floor the "reflection" of projected stained-glass windows. All this is modest and unspectacularly subordinated to the needs of the play and of the living actors.

The author has been less fortunate in solving his writing problems. To begin with, he hasn't yet found a character for Caravaggio the man. From the action, it would seem that the most dramatic portrait might be that of a proud young man who despises aristocrats and at the same time wants to be accepted by them. His triumph over his patrons is accomplished chiefly by stealing from them the handsome young boys they keep as lovers. Because the satisfactions of these thefts are scarcely worth the punishments Caravaggio receives for having committed them, Straight may here be suggesting that the artist's pride and pain were the source of the sensitive realism of his paintings.

The dialogue is disappointingly ordinary. Perhaps the author has been too inhibited in creating the kind of poetic text the subject requires. And the pattern of the play is recurrent rather than progressive. We meet Caravaggio in the first scene. His pride gets him into trouble. This pattern is repeated in various circumstances. But he never comes to any convincing revelation about his problem, and he has virtually no moments of happiness or humor.

As a result, the actor who illustrates the text faces an unrewarding task. Under Baker's direction, Cal Bellini does capture the look and quality of a sensitive young Italian rebel. But although he is always convincing, he is only moving when we see his rebellious outbursts as a necessary defense of his work. And regrettably this happens too seldom.

However, *Caravaggio* is a work-in-progress, and Baker has allotted plenty of extra rehearsal time in order to test author revisions. Whether the problems of *Caravaggio* will be solved by this process may be less important than the fact that Playhouse in the Park is accepting a function and a responsibility that justify a subsidized theater's existence more strongly than just that of supplying its subscribers with successful fare.

"Would you two mind stepping in here for a moment? We'd like to find out what makes you tick."

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The Black Panther Thrust in American Revolution

by ROBERT CHRISMAN

A SPECIAL RAGE

by Gilbert Moore

Harper & Row, 276 pp., $6.95

FREE HUEY!:
The True Story of the Trial of Huey P. Newton for Murder

by Edward M. Keating

Ramparts Press, 280 pp., $6.95

PANTHERMANIA:
The Clash of Black Against Black in One American City

by Gail Sheehy

Harper & Row, 125 pp., $4.95

The trial of a revolutionary black leader is a political event of tremendous historical significance; indeed, one could maintain that the watermarks of black American history are the trials of our leaders and activists. The charges, the conduct of the court, the verdict determine much more than the destiny of the accused. Within the microcosm of the courtroom they express the collective posture of white America at that point in history toward the black community. Thus the trials of Huey Newton and Bobby Seale-Ericka Huggins were not only the trials of three revolutionary leaders but of the Black Panther Party, its ideology of self-determination for all black people, and its efforts to achieve that goal.

Gilbert Moore's book, *A Special Rage*, is a chronicle of the Huey Newton trial and of the Black Panther Party during that crisis. It is excellent interpretive journalism, soundly researched. Mr. Moore has also taken great pains to establish his viewpoint as a black man. His sense of complexity does not permit him to be an instant militant nor does his black anger allow him to be a *tom*. He resolves the dichotomy through his bitter understanding.

After the opening chapter *A Special Rage* unfolds the events that attended the Huey Newton trial in all its dimensions. Mr. Moore's eye and ear are sharp. He creates an exciting sense of people, of masses, of social forces in collision and individuals caught up in a moment of history. One sees the concentrated intensity of Huey Newton on the witness stand outlining the historical role of the Black Panther Party; the aching humanity of Bobby Seale, its anguish and fatigue etched on his face; the thunderous rhetoric of Eldridge Cleaver, with his dark glasses, black leather, and love beads; the dedication of anonymous Panther brothers, ready, righteous.

And there are the lawyers—Lowell Jensen with his cool Anglo-Saxon precision, pursuing the details of evidence, comfortable within the established machinery of the judiciary system and the prevailing attitudes of the white community that created it; and, in defense, Charles Garry, humanistic, angry, involved, and aware that neither the judge nor police nor jury are equipped to pass judgment on a black man and certainly no black leader who advocates self-determination and self-defense.

Huey Newton was charged with murder, assault with a deadly weapon upon an officer, and kidnaping. The jury returned with a compromise verdict: Newton was acquitted of murder, assault, and kidnaping but guilty of voluntary manslaughter in the shooting of Oakland police officer John Frey. This conviction occurred despite the facts that 1) the fatal weapon was

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never found; 2) the key prosecution witnesses, police officer Heanes and a black bus driver, Henry Grier, gave conflicting testimony and different versions of their own testimony; and 3) Gene McKinney, the man who was with Huey Newton before and during the shootout, refused to testify.

After the verdict Mr. Moore interviewed David Harper, the black foreman of the otherwise all-white jury. According to Harper, three jurors favored acquittal; four, guilty of voluntary manslaughter, and five were so possessed by their racism that they were willing to find Newton guilty of murder regardless of the evidence.

In August 1970, almost two years later, a mistrial was declared, and Huey Newton was freed from prison—to be tried again, this time for voluntary manslaughter.

Edward Keating's book, *Free Huey,* covers those aspects of the Newton trial that Moore's omits. Himself a lawyer and part of the defense team, Mr. Keating concentrates on the actual court transactions, the legal details and arguments of the Newton trial. Courtroom tactics dominate Mr. Keating's study. Amply presented are the *voir dire,* the testimony and cross examination of Huey Newton, and the critical question of Grier's testimony, one of the most important elements of the trial. In his final statement, as taped by the police department, it was unclear whether Grier said that he "didn't see" Newton's face during the shootout or said he "did see" Newton's face. The transcribed testimony sent to the jury by the court carried the version he "did see . . ." Subsequent study of the tape determined that Grier said he "didn't see . . ." This error, which was not discovered by the time the jury retired for deliberations, was only uncovered through the diligent defense work of Keating and Garry. Keating's *Free Hue*y is a fine record of the trial, rich in knowledge and insight.

It is precisely these qualities that are absent in the work of a white woman journalist, *Panthermania,* by Gail Sheehy. Purportedly dealing with the trial of Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins on conspiracy to murder Alex Rackley in New Haven, Connecticut, this book also seeks to explain how and why the Black Panthers became a potent force in New Haven and throughout the United States.

According to Miss Sheehy, "Panthermania" was responsible for both the death of Rackley and the national prominence of the Panthers. The author is explicit in her definition of "mania," drawing upon the Random House Dictionary for "A form of insanity characterized by great excitement, with or without delusions, and in its acute stage by great violence," and conjoining it with the revolutionary fervor of the Panthers. One infers from Miss Sheehy that it is a disease peculiar to blacks. Presumably the desire of black people to achieve freedom is insanity. This racist patronage is clearly indicated in her preface:

> Writing the story was slow and painful, as I fought with myself about the purpose in publishing bad news about any black people. A lesson from my newspapering days came back to me: Soonor or later truth comes to the surface. If all the bleeding heart white liberals kept silent until the Panther myth came apart of its own accord, *wouldn't the black community at large have to take the blame?* [Emphasis added.]

So Miss Sheehy set about the task of "exposing" the Panther myth to save the black community from its own mistakes, a bizarre revival of plantation liberalism. Under the cover of her radical-chick rhetoric she writes with cold, vicious malice:

> The revolutionary funeral is a prime recruiting event. When John Huggins came home from college in a coffin, accompanied by his vengeful wife Ericka and their daughter, a whisper of a thing less than a month old, the spark of Panthermania was set off in New Haven.

And there is the following description of a black woman:

> This Elaine Brown—who today commands the whole Southern California Panther district—was no helpless hysteric. Her specialty at political meetings was the Pussy Power speech. With it Elaine Brown originated the concept that a woman's function is to use her body to entice men into the Panther party.

She speculates on Ericka Huggins's sexuality, on the sexual practices of the Panthers. "According to party rules, 'Individualism on the body is counter-revolutionary.' Meaning: individualized sex has no place in party activities"—which seems to indicate Miss Sheehy's real interests.

Judging from the poverty of her material, it would appear that she never attended the Seale-Huggins trial, nor did she meet Seale, Huggins, Sams, or any of the involved principals. This leaves her with very little save inanities to offer:

> It is an old black tragedy. But I cannot remember when it was more physically painful to watch. What eternal abomination of the American soul has corroded this man of gentle spirit into a nearly burned out militant at the age of thirty-three!

According to Miss Sheehy, her book grew out of a 1969-70 fellowship in interracial reporting from Columbia University. Although she states that during the nine months of her investigation she was accompanied by the black photographer David Parks, it is not clear what, if any, interracial reportage took place.

More than any other in recent history, these trials revealed the callous, racist emptiness of law enforcement and judicial action in the United States. Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins were each imprisoned for two years; then charges were dropped after their jury was hung. Huey Newton spent thirty-three months behind bars before a mistrial was declared. Now he must face the Kafka-esque hell of a retrial. A total of seven years were spent in prison by innocent defendants.

While many apologists have maintained that these trials are vindications of the court system, they have only demonstrated that every black man has the right to an unfair mistrial, particularly if he is a militant leader with a mass following. But the trials also reveal that white America is unalterably opposed to the principle of black self-determination and will destroy it by any means necessary, which are usually police shootouts, agents provocateurs, informants. Such devices are intended to demoralize the rank and file of revolutionary movements and to culminate in the trial of the leaders following shaky indictments drawn from this very same harassment.

In the Newton and Seale-Huggins trials *each incident was started by police action,* even though no law had been visibly broken. Officer Frey recognized a Panther vehicle and pulled it over for that reason alone, in accord with Oakland police policy; Alex Rackley was a paid informant. Neither the black lay community—nor the white lay community, for that matter—was a plaintiff in either case. Both the incidents and the indictments began with police action designed to subvert and harass.

For this reason alone, a fair trial in either case was never intended or possible. If anything, the Newton and Seale trials were meant to accomplish a military objective—the removal of Panther leadership from the field of action, temporarily if not permanently. From October 1967 to May 1971 either Bobby Seale or Huey Newton was kept in jail, though innocent.

All law is political insofar as it is determined by political relationships of groups within a community. But there is a qualitative difference between the casual arrest of a community offender and the arrest and trial of a political activist after months of planning and surveillance by police agencies for just that purpose. Conspiring is unusual in

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the first instance. In the second, the police operate with an *a priori* motive to arrest and convict, which determines their conduct.

By refusing to distinguish police-originated complaints from community complaints, the judges and grand juries become accomplices in calculated harassment. This collusion is intensified not only by the traditional court assumption that the police's motives and actions are devoid of criminal intent, but by the fact that the accused has no redress for the wrongs done him if he is found innocent.

The Newton and Seale-Huggins trials were overt political actions because the obvious root causes of Panther indictments were their politics of self-defense and self-determination and the racist reaction these politics inspired. The Panther attorney, Charles Garry, recognized that the judiciary system had been created and was dominated by the white community of the United States, without any equitable involvement of the black community in legislation, judgeships, law enforcement, grand juries or even proportionate representation on trial juries.

Furthermore, Mr. Garry recognized that most white Americans have no knowledge of black social, political, and cultural life due to the semi-apartheid nature of their society, and thus were not equipped to judge the Black Panthers or any of their accused leaders.

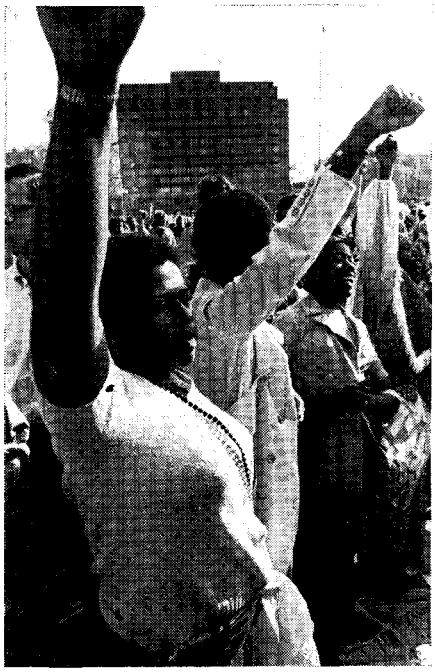
One finds parallels between the legal vision of Charles Garry and Clarence Darrow, and in that perspective the political significance of the Black Panther trials has not been rivaled since Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association or the Wobbly movement. Indeed, similar conditions in America gave birth to the UNIA and to the Black Panthers: the nation's exhaustion from a dehumanizing imperialist war, inflamed racism among whites, the mass unemployment and urban crisis of black people.

But, accomplished as their books are, neither Mr. Moore nor Mr. Keating explores the contemporary or historical dimensions of Black Panther politics. Perhaps journalism is too snared now in the imagistic, thematic, "I was there" reporting of events, with its heavy emphasis on the personal responses of the writer, to portray the participants and events in a historical context.

Nonetheless, the black political analyst who one day will write the history of the Black Panthers will find valuable material in the works of Mr. Moore and Mr. Keating. That history should explore not only the political development of the Panther Party but its relation to other political move-

The anonymous Panther brothers and sisters—ready, dedicated, and righteous.

—Photos by David Parks



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ments of the time: the alliance with Stokely Carmichael, which Carmichael later severed; the conflict between revolutionary nationalism and cultural nationalism; the various liaisons with white radical groups; the tension between class and race analysis; the recent break between Eldridge Cleaver and the Panther Party, and the rapprochement the Panthers have undertaken with the black church.

Such a history must also assess the problems and the mistakes of the Panthers. A revolutionary party is a vehicle that organizes the masses under a common ideology and program to replace the existing social order with a better one. Too often the Panther Party has expended as much energy attacking the ideologies of other groups as it has in developing its own, which has tended to polarize the black community in abstractions or alienate it instead of organizing it to support a program that embodied concrete Panther theory. The Panthers have yet to develop a theory of revolutionary black culture and to involve black intellectuals and artists in its development; the earlier, dogmatic positions taken by the Panthers against black cultural consciousness estranged many involved black intellectuals who could have contributed their resources as artists, propagandists, and analysts. A revolution must be made by the people it is to liberate. The Panthers of 1968-69 frequently lapsed into a cult of the vanguard, which forced them into an antagonistic stance toward the rest of the black community, an attitude in contradiction to the humanistic principles of revolution that the Black Panthers endorse.

WIT TWISTER #227

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The evening hours I _ _ _ _ _ _
are summer's best.
Then time _ _ _ _ _ _ imperceptibly away.
The busy world packs up its _ _ _ _ _ _, that rest
And thought and love may gently close the day.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 53)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Pretentious Scribbling

THE REVIEW OF Frank Capra's autobiography [*SR*, July 3] displayed undisguised malice toward Capra and denigrates all of his achievements, including that of working his way up from poverty through college. Capra's "writing," the reviewer concluded, "betrays all the deficiencies and compensatory pretensions of the self-made man."

One of America's better known self-made men scribbled a few sentences on his way to Gettysburg. The writing was neither deficient nor was it pretentious. The scribbling of your reviewer was both.

MARJORIE E. TRENOR,
Highland Park, Ill.

Simplistic Intolerance

I DO NOT THINK you mean to present anti-Semitism and simplistic intolerance as acceptable. I refer to Nancy Wilson Ross' review of Dom Aelred Graham's *The End of Religion* [*SR*, July 3]. Or is it perhaps that I, as a Christian theologian from Germany specializing in the Hebrew Bible, am more sensitive than are others, having lived through the Hitler period?

Miss Ross accepts uncritically Dom Graham's "suggestion" that the church made a terrible mistake in rejecting Marcion, who wanted to oust all Jewish traces from Christianity. It was Marcion's thoroughly anti-Jewish canon that forced the young church to decide on its present canon, and the church then successfully resisted anti-Semitic Marcionism. The entire book by Dom Graham is a witness for an unbelievably uninformed and at the same time calloused misunderstanding of the Jewish heritage in our Western religious makeup.

Miss Ross offers a lengthy quotation on the Bible, taken from the Graham book, ostensibly to prove the irrelevancy of the Bible because of its complexity. To say that the biblical record is "the world's most overrated book" and to place it in the category of unacceptable religious documents because of its complexity is possible only if one has never seriously studied the Hebrew scriptures or if one wishes to display intolerance.

HAGEN STAACK,
Allentown, Pa.

Freedom to Read

I HEARTILY COMMEND the community school board in Groton, Conn., for the actions that Alan Green [BOOK BUSINESS, June 26] seems to deplore so much. According to Mr. Green, "the *freedom to read* will, as so often, continue to totter on the brink." (Hah!) The freedom to read filth I suppose necessarily carries the obligation to provide such filth so that freedom may be exercised. This is certainly stretching the First Amendment beyond its limit. I should think that a junior high school student's *freedom to read* is quite properly limited somewhat by parental discretion, which has nothing whatever to do with the First Amendment.

Of course every teen-ager probably knows all the four-letter words in the book; but it is quite another thing to give such words acceptability by placing them in print on a respectable (junior high school) library shelf to become recommended (or required?) reading for twelve- , thirteen- , and fourteen-year-olds.

MILDRED DENNIS,
Crescent City, Fla.

I HAVE A GREAT DEAL of sympathy for the five members of the Queens school board, who presumably represent the parents of the children who would keep certain books off the open shelves. The books may be borrowed from the principals' offices by parents who do not object to their children reading Piri Thomas's book with its four-letter language and descriptions of hetero and homosexual acts.

I, myself, reserve the right (it has not as yet come to the place where I usurp it) to be positive, to place in the hands of my children books which will in the first place interest them, and secondly will improve their ability to use the English language adequately, even gracefully.

As a nation we have become poverty-stricken in our use of language. We are obliged to resort to vulgarisms and profanity in a feeble and futile effort to gain emphasis. Our young people are stammerers. Listen to them on TV: "Well—I went—like—you know—uh—man—I went to this place."

M. HUGHES,
New York, N. Y.

Not Female Obstinacy

A CALIFORNIA RESIDENT, entering the discussion of Women's Lib [BOOK FORUM, July 3], remarks that a woman would not leave her family for a three-month training course but a man would. This is supposed to be a devastating argument against giving women equal opportunities in business.

But it is not female obstinacy that produces this condition. Rather, it is our hoary social conventions which make a woman (not a man) feel guilty if she "neglects" her family to "do something for herself." *He*, of course, would be taking the course solely "for his family."

Well, when Dad gets over his hang-up that child care is a degrading occupation, and public opinion admits that women can leave their kids in his care without disastrous results, then Mom will be as free (psychologically, that is) to get her training as Dad is now, and she'll go just as readily.

GRACE L. DAVIS,
Wilmington, Del.

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CRAZY SUNDAYS:
F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood

by Aaron Latham

Viking, 308 pp., $7.95

LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE

by Calvin Tomkins

Viking, 148 pp., $6.50

THE GOLDEN MOMENT:
The Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald

by Milton R. Stern

University of Illinois, 462 pp., $10

EXILES FROM PARADISE:
Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald

by Sara Mayfield

Delacorte, 309 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Robert Emmet Long

■ The publication last year of Nancy Milford's *Zelda*, one of the best works so far on the Fitzgeralds, was an indicator that the fascination with the Fitzgerald legend has not worn itself out. Several books on Scott Fitzgerald have recently appeared, and next fall two collections of his letters will be released: the correspondence with Harold Ober, his agent, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli (Lippincott), and the John Kuehl-Jackson Bryer edition of Fitzgerald's correspondence with Maxwell Perkins, his editor (Scribners). The four titles considered here, which are concerned more with the novelist's life than his writing, are of uneven quality, and one of them has been nurtured in hostility to Fitzgerald.

Even as a boy, Scott had been drawn to the theater, Aaron Latham writes in the opening pages of *Crazy Sundays*, a detailed account of Fitzgerald's Hollywood experience, which officially began with the sale of two stories about debutantes and flappers to Metro in 1920, and culminated in the years 1937-40.

Fitzgerald's Hollywood sojourn was marked by frustration and wasted talent—not wasted by Fitzgerald, who took films more seriously than one might have supposed, but by the movie industry in its failure to use an imagination instinctively cinematic. Fitzgerald first wrote directly for films in 1927, when he adapted his story "Lipstick" as a vehicle for Constance Talmadge. It never went into production—a harbinger of Fitzgerald's Hollywood career. Four years later he was invited to the West Coast by motion-picture producer Irving Thalberg to help make Jean Harlow a star in *The Redheaded Woman*. A social contretemps at Thalberg's home terminated the arrangement soon after. Fitzgerald's real residence in the film capital began in 1937 when, recovering from a serious and protracted breakdown, and $40,000 in debt, he attempted, with considerable courage and even some success, to reassemble his personal life and career.

We are told of the films on which he worked, beginning in 1938 with *A Yank at Oxford*, starring Robert Taylor and newcomer Vivien Leigh. That year he also adapted Erich Maria Remarque's novel *Three Comrades*, only to have much of his scenario deleted by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. A worse fate met Fitzgerald's script for *Infidelity*, which was to have starred Joan Crawford, but was vetoed by the Hays Office. Its portrayal of an extramarital affair was considered too daring for an American audience. Fitzgerald's next assignment was *The Women*, directed by George Cukor and featuring a gallery of female stars—Crawford, Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, and Rosalind Russell. After collaborating briefly with Aldous Huxley on *Madame Curie*, Fitzgerald was occupied for several weeks with *Gone with the Wind*. His finest script, an adaptation of his story "Babylon Revisited," was never used.

Crazy Sundays describes, too, the Fitzgerald who was struggling for survival and was soon to die. Those at the studios who knew him all picture Fitzgerald as a walking ghost. Although in his early forties, he seemed old and exhausted, reserved and withdrawn into a world of his own. Much of the social or biographical part of the Fitzgerald story at this time has already been told by Sheilah Graham and others: Latham contributes nothing startling or new. *Crazy Sundays* is a competent work of journalism, clarifying Fitzgerald's experience as a scenarist, but it is weak in relating the Hollywood years to Fitzgerald's serious writing, and never explores the relation of Fitzgerald's imagination to popular culture. The absence of any intellectual dimension in the book is the more surprising when one learns that it was written as a doctoral dissertation for Princeton.

In *Living Well Is the Best Revenge* Calvin Tomkins comments upon Fitzgerald's earlier career—the expatriate years in the 1920s. Originally a *New Yorker* profile (1962), this volume is really a portrait of Gerald Murphy, who was the model for Dr. Diver in *Tender Is the Night*. The profile has been updated, and many family photographs have been added, as well as a number of Murphy's paintings. For Fitzgerald, Murphy was a glass of fashion and a mold of form; he was everything that was civilized in Diver. In *Living Well* we see why Fitzgerald thought so. There is something immaculate about Gerald and Sara Murphy, who were marvelously responsive to the spirit of the Twenties, yet represented the best of an older America—the characteristic that Murphy was so strangely unaware of when he remarked that he saw nothing of himself in Dick Diver. In 1921, Gerald and Sara turned their back upon the family business (Murphy's father owned the Mark Cross leather-goods store) to devote themselves to seriously "living well" as "formed people." The Murphys' parties were attended by Picasso, Cocteau, Diaghilev, Tristan Tzara. Celebrities in the arts gravitated to the Murphys; they typified style and grace, the effect of which can be seen in *Tender Is the Night*, Fitzgerald's most esthetically composed and Jamesian work. Tomkins's book, which com-

—From "Living Well Is the Best Revenge"

Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald with their daughter Scottie at Antibes—"an imagination instinctively cinematic."

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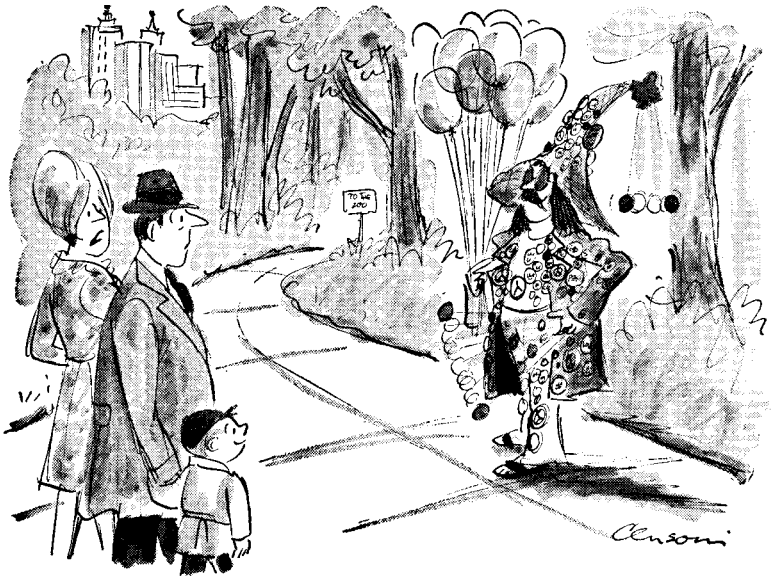
ments obliquely on Fitzgerald, superbly captures the times and scene, the Cap d'Antibes, which Gerald and Sara made luminous for Fitzgerald.

In *The Golden Moment,* a study of Fitzgerald's evolution as a novelist, Milton R. Stern maintains that Fitzgerald's central concern was consistently with the American national experience, defined by his protagonists' careers. Other critics—Marius Bewley, Richard Chase, Wright Morris, R. W. B. Lewis—have commented on this aspect of Fitzgerald's work, but Stern is the first to consolidate their critiques, making Fitzgerald's affinity with culture the main thrust of his development. In *This Side of Paradise,* treated at inordinate length, and *The Beautiful and Damned,* which Stern tends, unfairly, to slight, Fitzgerald's understanding of his theme is regarded as intuitive. *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night,* explicated in "New Critical" fashion with scrupulous concern for images which reveal patterns of meaning, show Fitzgerald as having come to full awareness of his great theme. The golden moment of the title refers to the failure of American moral identity—the betrayal of the "golden, imagined world"—and the resultant search of Americans in that era for identity through wealth and beauty. At once believing in and repudiating the golden moment, Fitzgerald found his artistic roots in our national consciousness. Stern's argument is established persuasively, yet one could wish he had made it with more economy and tact and that his prose had been less labored.

Sara Mayfield, who grew up in Montgomery as a younger companion of Zelda's and was in touch with the Fitzgeralds intermittently during their marriage, has chosen to rewrite their lives from her own biased point of view. In *Exiles from Paradise* she seems determined to "vindicate" Zelda and to put Fitzgerald down. An elaborate account is given of Zelda's distinguished ancestry, followed by a much shorter résumé of Fitzgerald's background, conveying the impression that he was of such poor Irish stock—in actuality his ancestry extended back to colonial legislatures—that nothing good could be expected of him. From there it is the story of Zelda as a *jeune fille bien élevée* who mistakenly marries an unreliable young Northerner who treats her shabbily and destroys her life. There is little in *Exiles from Paradise* to suggest that Zelda was unstable, and at one astounding point the author even questions whether she suffered from schizophrenia. "A number of her close friends," says Miss Mayfield, "have told me that they had never seen her when she did not know exactly what she was saying and doing, nor had I." But what of the accounts of her aberrations in the books by Arthur Mizener and Andrew Turnbull? What of the psychiatric records documented in *Zelda*? What of her novel, *Save Me the Waltz,* in which Zelda is more acutely sensitive to flowers than she is to people, and which gives a terrifying sense of an almost total isolation from reality? Miss Mayfield cannot ignore facts and still write a credible biography.

Her book is guilty of numerous omissions and distortions of this kind, in connection with which one might note Miss Mayfield's fundamental assumption about Scott and Zelda's respective gifts. Zelda, she asserts, was more talented, and Fitzgerald resented her for being so. "Any fair-minded critic, who can divest himself of the prejudices that accrue from Scott's reputation and compare Zelda's *Save Me the Waltz* with Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night,* on which he was then working, will have no doubt as to which of them had the native wit, brilliance, and originality and which one of them was the competent professional writer." The failure to see *Save Me the Waltz* as a visionless work of an amateur, or to have any sense of Fitzgerald as in the mainstream of our major American writers, is in itself a comment on the ungenerous and provincial sensibility of *Exiles from Paradise.*

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.



"Don't you dare speak to him. He may not be selling anything."

THE WHITE GUARD

by Mikhail Bulgakov
translated from the Russian by Michael Glenny

McGraw-Hill, 320 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons

■ We have been doing our bit to help the Russians in their belated effort to "rehabilitate" the once-forgotten author Mikhail Bulgakov. But the work of the Soviet Literary Commission, officially appointed about seven years ago to investigate his many unpublished manuscripts, has been lagging. Apart from smaller pieces, the only major writings to appear in the USSR are the novel *The White Guard* (1965), never before published in its entirety or in book form, and *A Theatrical Novel* (1965), called *Black Snow* in this country, and *The Master and Margarita* (1966-67), which was extensively cut when it appeared in a Soviet magazine. All three have been issued here (*The Master and Margarita* in two translations, one of which is unexpurgated), as well as a short novel, *The Heart of a Dog,* regarded by the Soviets for some reason as not worth printing.

This is unbefitting for an author who in the 1920s gave such high promise as a novelist and playwright. By the time of his death in 1940 at the age of forty-nine, Bulgakov had suffered a Party-inspired conspiracy of silence for years, and left behind him a quantity of unpublished manuscripts. Since then the Literary Commission has brought out only a few distinguished works. What of the rest of the manuscripts, such as the thirty-six plays Bulgakov is reported to have written, of which only eleven have been printed? A complete edition of Bulgakov's writings, published and unpublished, is needed, as well as a full-length criti-

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cal biography. The remarkable *Theatrical Novel* and the outstanding *Master and Margarita,* which brilliantly combine philosophical speculation with fantasy and satire, have already won him a lofty reputation. If his unpublished writings corroborate this critical appraisal, Bulgakov's position will be secure as one of the Soviet Union's few great literary artists.

The American publication of *The White Guard* is a fortunate event, for indirectly with this first novel Bulgakov's literary reputation began. Having abandoned the medical profession to become a writer, he plunged into journalism and on the side wrote short stories, in which his superb talents as a satirist became evident. But satire, even during the early days of the régime, was dangerous unless directed solely against the enemies of the Revolution. Bulgakov, however, tended to think of the Revolution as a misguided effort to change human nature. He turned to the novel form, wherein he substituted irony for satire, and in their April and May 1925 issues the literary magazine *Rossiya* printed about two-thirds of *The White Guard.* Whereupon the magazine folded. The novel was denied book publication until 1965, when it appeared presumably under the auspices of the Soviet Literary Commission. This is the source of the present excellent translation by Michael Glenny, to whom English and American readers owe a debt of gratitude for his renderings of the four Bulgakov works issued here.

It was not, however, the 1925 version of *The White Guard* that marked a happy turn in Bulgakov's literary career but the play based on it, *The Days of the Turbins,* which was first performed by the Moscow Art Theater in 1926. It caused a sensation. For the first time White Russians were shown as ordinary, likeable human beings instead of subhuman, bloodthirsty enemies of the Reds. After being banned for a few years the play returned to the stage—some say at the demand of Stanislavsky; others, because of Bulgakov's request to Stalin. It is possible that each had a hand in the reprieve.

In a nostalgic epilogue to the English translation of *The White Guard* the courageous Soviet writer Viktor Nekrasov, remembering both the novel and the play, writes of the characters: ". . . I fell in love with those people and I love them to this day. I love them for their honesty, their nobility and their bravery, and ultimately for the tragedy of their position. I love them, just as the hundreds of thousands of people loved them who saw the play. . . . And among them was Stalin. According to the M.A.T. records he saw *The Days of the Turbins* no less than *fifteen* times! And he could hardly be called the keenest of theatergoers. . . ."

"If I had my life to live over, I'd like to be born at anytime except the dawn of civilization!"

So, too, will readers of *The White Guard* love them, for the characters are drawn more fully and, if anything, more sympathetically in the novel than in the play, especially the Turbin family: the kind , brave Colonel Alexei Turbin; his brash, romantic young brother, Nikolka, and their unforgettable sister Elena. Several other characters in the novel appear in the play, such as Major Sergei Talberg, the timeserving husband of Elena; the country cousin Lariosik, with his laughable awkwardness and naïve devotion to all and sundry; and the three lieutenants, inseparable companions-in-arms of the Turbins: the hard-drinking scapegrace Myshlaevsky, the bold Stepanov, and Shervinsky, a military dandy and the lover of Elena.

The story develops on several levels, the first of which involves the Turbin family. Deeply affectionate, they are even more loyal to each other since the death of their parents. Their cozy Kiev flat, which is filled with happy memories of the past, is visited often by adoring friends. It is the winter of 1918 and Alexei has resumed his medical practice after serving in the First World War. But the city is full of foreboding, for the 1917 Revolution has brought the Reds to power in Moscow. A small force of Whites prepares to defend Kiev, and the rumor spreads that a large army, led by the Ukrainian nationalist Petlyura, is advancing on the city. Meanwhile, the German occupation force has not yet departed.

All of the characters are touched by the ensuing struggle for Kiev between the Whites, to whom the Turbins and their military friends swear allegiance, and Petlyura's men, who are regarded as peasant rabble and bandits. Bulgakov handles these exciting events with the authority of a keen historical observer and the imaginative power of a consummate realistic novelist. He

(*Continued on page* 52)

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Those faithful readers who carefully hoarded *The New York Times*'s passages from the Pentagon Papers can now throw them out. In a remarkable publishing feat Bantam Books released, only three days after the completion of the series, a 768-page study that includes the *Times* articles and excerpts, the Supreme Court decision, and a sixty-four-page photographic essay tracing the United States involvement in Vietnam (*The Pentagon Papers*, $2.25).

When the first installment appeared in the *Times* on June 13, Bantam editors called, expressing interest in publishing the series in book form. From then on everything moved too fast for a definite commitment from the *Times*, but Bantam went ahead and, on a calculated risk basis, had its artists design a cover and its staff gather photographs. On June 30 the Supreme Court reached its decision, and the *Times* presses began to roll. Bantam had to wait, though, as it had decided to publish the material in chronological order, from the Truman era to the Tet offensive of 1968. This meant holding production until all the installments had appeared so that editors could then arrange their contents into a year-by-year sequence. Each day special Bantam messengers flew with the *Times* material to the Chicago printing press.

Meanwhile, back in New York City, Neil Sheehan was locked in a suite at the *Times* building, writing a special introduction for *The Pentagon Papers*. At least it was a change of scene from the Hilton, where Sheehan and other *Times*-men wrote the story, all registered under the name of foreign editor Gerald Gold. Only the kitchen staff might have been confused when twelve orders for ham and eggs came down for one Mr. Gold.

The *Times* crew, which eventually included seventy-five people, worked twelve to fifteen hours a day. Not a word leaked. "You can pass out all the security regulations you want," said *Times* Managing Editor A. M. Rosenthal, "but it's impossible to enforce them unless people want *not* to talk."

In his essay for the paperback Neil Sheehan writes, "To read the Pentagon Papers in their vast detail is to step through the looking glass into a new and different world. This world has a set of values, a dynamic, a language, and a perspective quite distinct from the public world of the ordinary citizen." Now, with 700,000 copies on the newsstands here and 40,000 books airlifted to Europe, a mass market can be in touch with that particular modern wonderland.

—Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

As a journalist Joan Didion has written articles about Boulder Dam and other national landmarks. As a novelist she writes about the corruption of the human spirit. In *Play It As It Lays* (Bantam, $1.25) heroine Maria Wyeth is just barely performing a trapeze act clutching at sanity. Her marriage has fallen apart, she's had a miserable abortion, has an only child who is retarded and institutionalized. The background of pool-table Nevada and poolside California casts a sickly green light over the narrative, which has its own kind of tense, neurotic drive. In Miss Didion's first novel, *Run River* (Bantam, $1.25), the scene is also California, where the green mold of money destroys a marriage and sets off a chain of bewildering circumstances.

It's only a different brand of destruction in Louise Meriwether's *Daddy Was a Number Runner* (Pyramid, 95¢), a wonderfully human novel about twelve-year-old Francie Coffin in the Harlem of pimps and prostitutes and drugs. But Francie, like that other Francie in Brooklyn, endures and in her own fashion triumphs.

James Yaffe's *The Voyage of the Franz Joseph* (Pocket Books, $1.25), based on an actual event in modern history, tells a compelling story of human survival. In 1939 a luxury liner carried its cargo of 1,000 Jews away from certain death in Germany to freedom in Cuba. But Cuba, with the ship in the harbor, refused to accept the refugees, who set off in search of another haven. In *Grand Hotel* style, the cast is large, the relationships constantly shifting as the characters, stripped down to essentials, are bound together in their last chance for liberty.

Dan Wakefield's *Going All the Way* (Dell, $1.25) has been called "the gentile Portnoy." It's a funny, sexy story about two young veterans returning from the Korean War to Eisenhower's USA, specifically in, of all places, Indianapolis, where Gunner, "the superstud," and Sonny, who hopes to be one, come to terms with their own manhood.

In case anyone can read yet one more novel about alienated youth, here's Jeremy Larner's *Drive, He Said* (Bantam, 95¢), in which a college basketball star drop shots in an atmosphere of pot, Zen, and unrelenting violence.

For Dick Francis fans *Enquiry* (Berkley, 95¢), his most recent in paperback, tingles with suspense as a steeplechase jockey who has lost his license sets out to find out why.

Counterculture

Jane Howard's publishers describe her as "a Midwesterner with all the classic Wasp repressions," most of which she managed to overcome through a wholehearted exploration of the Human Potential Movement. She writes candidly and amusingly in *Please Touch* (Dell, $1.25), an account of her experiences with various Encounter groups that took her through the Womb Pool in pursuit of self-knowledge. Her attitude is sometimes skeptical, and yet the reader feels convinced that she gives each and every group grope a fair assessment.

Julius Fast's *Body Language* (Pocket Books, $1.50), a "Human Potential Book," surprised nearly everyone by becoming a best seller. The body is the message and this tells how to read it. We all know what a clenched fist

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means, but how about a slouch, a shrug, a pair of crossed ankles? If this keeps up, we're going to eliminate speech altogether.

Gail Sheehy's *Speed Is of the Essence* (Pocket Books, 95¢) brings together a collection of articles which appeared in *New York* magazine, about some contemporary life-styles and what they mean in terms of society as a whole. Among the best pieces are those on New York's East Village speed freaks, bachelor-mothers, and student radicals whose revolutionary activities led to the blowing up of a Greenwich Village townhouse.

For the past decade Jill Johnston has been a respected avant-garde culture critic for New York's *Village Voice* newspaper. She is, all by herself, a happening (if that term didn't already sound as dated as Campbell Soup cans), and the Ultra Violet of now —only she uses her head, too, in what she calls a "theater of experience." *Marmalade Me* (Dutton, $2.45) samples some of Miss Johnston's more readable articles (recently she's gone off into runtogetherwords and Joycean puns, transforming what once was called scatalogical into the nub of literary fun). She's original, unpredictable (she likes Musak), and of course outrageous.

Music

Rock Encyclopedia (Universal Library, $3.95), a remarkable compendium, has a wit and liveliness that extend far beyond its leaden title. Written by Lillian Roxon in what was surely a labor of love, each entry appraises, and hazards guesses as to the whys of, bands and individual performers. The entry on the Beatles begins: "The day Paul McCartney was born, the number one song on the Hit Parade was *Sleepy Lagoon* played by Harry James." Of Laura Nyro, Miss Roxon writes: "She's a twenty-year-old white New Yorker who sings like a fifty-year-old black lady from Mississippi." Of Bob Dylan: "The moment of truth." The whole sprawling history of the rock movement, and of the generation that spawned it, fills a hefty, opinionated, and thoroughly readable book.

Edited by Benjamin Boretz and Edward T. Cone, *Perspectives on American Composers* (Norton Library, $2.65), the newest title in Norton's series on contemporary music, offers among its essays a collection of "conversations" with Edgard Varese, Roger Sessions, and Aaron Copland, and tries to determine who among the modern music-makers are the "mugwumps" and who have gone on to sound the note of future musical pathways.

"Books about Chopin are my favorite reading," writes another pianist, Artur Rubinstein, in his foreword to *The Life and Death of Chopin* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), by the Polish poet Casimir Wierzynski. No wonder at all, with (as those who saw Cornel Wilde writing nocturnes for Merle Oberon will recall) a life as unremittingly romantic as his music. Wierzynski's biography stresses the importance of Chopin's Polish background as a key to his personality and his music. The book is well illustrated with photographs of the man and the women who inspired him.

To its Masters of Music series ($1 each) Cornerstone Library has added two books by Percy M. Young, the British musicologist and conductor. Brief handbooks, *Stravinsky* and *Haydn* nonetheless distill the quality of the particular composer's life and his art. Both are illustrated with musical examples and line drawings.

Max Graf was a music critic in Vienna for nearly half a century until his death just before World War II. In *Composer and Critic* (Norton, $2.45) he recalls turn-of-the-century Europe, remembers meeting Brahms on the Ringstrasse, Anton Bruckner in peasant dress, and dashing Johann Strauss. But it is less the living portraits that dominate the book than Graf's own thoughtful discussion of the merits of musical criticism. The first performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was attacked both for "the immorality of the libretto and the complexity of the music." Beethoven didn't fare much better. What Graf finally ends up saying is that critics suffer a cultural lag, that their own erudition hinders them from bringing their sensibilities to bear on what they hear. And that doesn't apply just to turn-of-the-century critics, either.

"Greetings, proud papa! The trustees and staff extend congratulations and a little reminder that hospital bills are now to be paid in advance."

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THE SEX BOOK:
A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia

by Martin Goldstein, M.D., and Erwin J. Haeberle, Ph.D.

Herder & Herder, 203 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

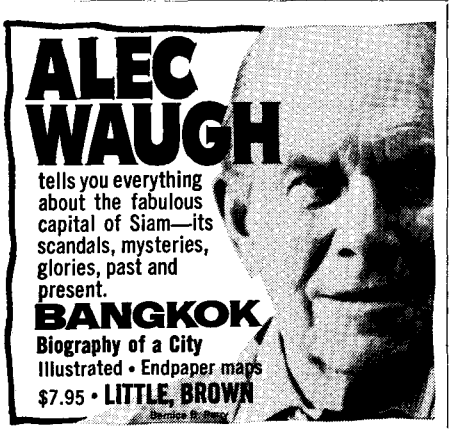
■ Calling this book "a modern pictorial encyclopedia" is really a bit of puffery on the publisher's part. *The Sex Book* is a modest glossary, and a brisk one at that. The illustrations are photographs of nude persons—children and adults, or parts of them—and their function is merely decorative. The text itself is a revision of a German work that is said to have been more or less officially adopted as a guide in matters of sex by Lutheran youth groups in Germany. Judging from reports in the press, the book is already a commercial success. And why not? It is well-intentioned, liberal-minded, inspirational in tone, concerned to bridge the chasm between our moral values and our conduct. In short, a project very much of our times. Indeed, the jacket goes so far as to say that the book "is modern because it looks upon sex and the human body as natural and beautiful." I think that idea is worth pursuing, since it suggests what an enterprise of this kind means —morally, esthetically, culturally.

For once we start to examine the notion that mankind, in our own persons, has finally gained that higher ground from which our bodies and our desires appear seemly and beautiful, the whole postulate sounds pretty questionable. Suppose we consult our feelings. Doesn't it look, rather, as if we are very uneasy about love and love-making? If not, why so much talk, why such frequent and fervent endorsements of their naturalness and beauty? Is it not the modern view to wish very much that these things were regarded as natural and beautiful precisely because our public conduct suggests very strongly that they are not? Anyone whose memory of American films and the American stage goes back twenty years knows that those popular entertainments have come progressively to confound erotic interest with sexual embarrassment. That is as odd as if a man hoped to inspire affection by being spiteful or cruel. He would have to be slightly cracked to think he could. That situation, or its analogue in the movies and the theater, does not at all suggest the confident enjoyment of emotions regarded as being licit and delightful. The poignancy of our preoccupation with that ideal lies in our manifest inability to achieve it in our thoughts and conduct at present.

To equate so uncritically the idea of modernity with enlightenment in sexual matters is to be historically naïve, to assume that we stand at the head of progress in that as in all other aspects of human affairs because we are the latest on the scene. A truer perspective would permit us to see that our sexual mores have become problematic in the modern world, precisely, because of the effects of large-scale social processes related to the industrial revolution. The growth of great urban centers alone is enough to explain what we might well call the pathology of modern love. Animals go crazy when confined as house pets or in zoos, and a common sympton is abnormal sexual behavior. The public manners of New York City appall visitors who have not experienced the conditions to which residents have been forced to adapt themselves. Why should we be surprised if such conditions, which don't seem to do much for human beings, don't do much for love?

It must be some seventy years since Karl Krauss suggested that psychoanalysis is the name of the disease it purports to cure. That is not the whole truth, but it is true enough to have been endorsed, in "modern" times, by so distinguished an initiate as Norman O. Brown. Similarly, there is a strain of hysterical obfuscation in our attempts to cope with the aspect of the cultural crisis that is reflected in our sexual conduct. Given the general level of the argument, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the subject is simply too much discussed, for the debate is carried on principally through such well-meaning, ill-conceived books as this one, which is much more a symptom of our troubles than a specific for them.

The book suffers from an unexamined premise—that the human person is essentially an instrumentality. The individual is assumed to be the dedicated victim of certain natural laws—of periodicity, growth, maturation, etc. —and it is understood that we should be concerned to frame our customs so that they do not interfere in any way with the supposed workings of those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Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SOME FEMALE PARENTS

Each of these characters speaks to or of his or her mother in the following quotations. Charles J. Neugebauer of Los Angeles invites you to place the right words in each mouth, and to identify the source, or ask mother's permission to peek at page 52.

1. Oswald Alving ( )
2. Coriolanus ( )
3. Edward ( )
4. Rufus Follet ( )
5. Hamlet ( )
6. Juliet ( )
7. Robert Phelps ( )
8. Pearl Prynne ( )
9. Lord Randal ( )
10. Tristram Shandy ( )

A. Poor Mother! . . . That's right, Mother. . . . Yes, Mother.
B. What does the letter mean, mother?
C. L—d! said my mother, what is all this story about?
D. Mother, mak my bed soon,/For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.
E. Mother, give me the sun.
F. The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither, . . .
Sic counseils ye gave to me O.
G. O! sweet my mother, cast me not away.
H. He wished he could ask his uncle, "Why do you hate Mama?"
I. Mother, you have my father much offended.
J. Mother, I am going to the market-place; Chide me no more.

a. Shakespeare; b. *The Silver Cord;* c. *A Death in the Family;* d. Sterne; e. Hawthorne; f. *Ghosts*; g. old ballad

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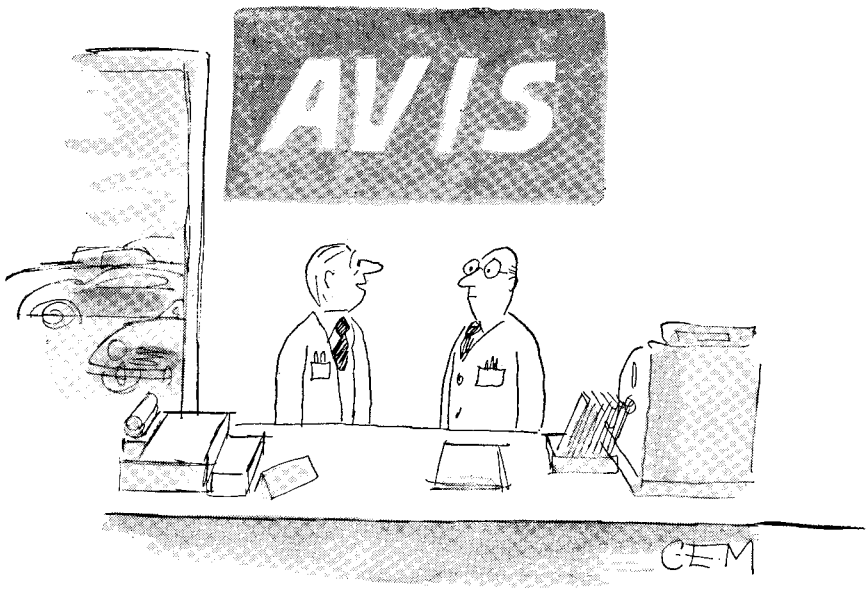
laws. Now, this doctrine—the current version of "Every boy needs an outlet"—is inadequate to deal with sexuality that is anything more than a bloodless abstraction. And certain things follow from so hollow a notion.

First of all, the title *The Sex Book*. No one alive to the sound and sense of English would coin such a title for such a purpose save, possibly, out of cynicism. But its instrumental character has some virtue from the viewpoint of authors and publisher. The three monosyllables proclaim Here It Is. For the authors, they connote naturalness and beauty. For the publisher, they catch the innocents.

Instrumentalism goes further. This book is addressed to the young, and the idea is to provide them with an informational tool. Having made those decisions, the authors think it appropriate that the book be designed as a tool—indeed, what is called in the book trade "a reference tool." In other words, this particular book can adopt the cyclopedic form, all the information appearing as alphabetized entries. Since these matters are all natural and beautiful, there is no harm in presenting them as the hazards of orthography dictate: Under *A*, "aberration"; *B*, "basal temperature"; *C*, "calendar method," and so on. But suppose we simply wanted to give young persons access to what we regarded as the essentials of an enlightened, humane, or even scientific idea of our sexual nature. Would we choose to organize the discussion alphabetically, and wait for *K* before saying "kiss"? I think not—unless an arbitrary presentation of subjects did actually express our values: All facts are created equal, kids, and don't look at us—we just work here. That pseudo-scientific attitude is exactly what is expressed by *The Sex Book*. And, since most of the entries record opinions disguised as facts, it is an added annoyance that the authors' biases appear here as scientific observations.

Instrumentalism does more. The book's illustrations derive from the erotico-sentimental tradition of "art photos." Bodies—singly, in couples, and in groups; torsos; isolated limbs or organs. For example, there is a shot of two pre-pubescent boys, belly to belly with little penises in hand. But how did they get before the camera? How did this no doubt natural and beautiful gesture get itself recorded? Is it the children's naturalness and beauty that we are contemplating here, or the photographer's? And what can have been going on in the minds of the children's parents the while? Scientific stuff, no doubt. The kids are instruments for a scientific demonstration, and that makes it perfectly all right to invade their privacy with a dogma and a camera.



"This thing keeps getting worse all the time: I was runner-up last week in the bowling sweepstakes; my daughter was accepted by the college of her second choice; our airedale got a red at the local dog show; Tommy received second highest number of votes for popular student; the wife's garden club elected her vice president...."

Instrumental, finally, is the authors' discussion of prostitution, which is explained as a social device for fulfilling the sexual needs of deviants or unmarried persons or persons who are married but whose spouses don't fill the bill somehow. And we are told that "As long as there is an otherwise unsatisfiable demand, prostitution is likely to continue providing the supply." That's that. Whoring is necessary work, like street cleaning, and the prostitutes are paid to do it. This makes the whole thing a business transaction to be analyzed in terms of a classical economic theory, supply and demand. We must hope that young readers are not moved to inquire about the emotional needs of prostitutes, on the mistaken assumption that they are human beings, or to notice that poor women generally seek that work rather than rich ones.

The mind expressed in *The Sex Book* is a mind in fragments. The authors may assert that love and sex are part of life, but their way of discussing them shows that they haven't a clue about what their unexceptionable formula really implies. This book is no instrument for educating young people about sex. It can only confuse and dispirit them.

Emile Capouya, a frequent essayist for SR, is literary editor of The Nation.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Hooked on Gustavus

IN A FAR CORNER of southeast Alaska where Glacier Bay meets the Icy Strait, a New England doctor and his family have found a measure of serenity that makes you understand, with one glance out their window across a flowering meadow, why people are moving away from cities and each other. Luckily, for those who still have to cope with civilization, there is a place to spend the night amidst this splendid outback.

In fact, there are two places. One is the Glacier Bay Lodge—all modern angles, wood, and glass—and the other is the Gustavus Inn, operated by the above-mentioned doctor, Jack Lesh, his wife Sally, and whichever of their eight children happen to be around. The Ritz it isn't, but if you don't mind sleeping in a Quonset hut, albeit a well camouflaged one, and bathing down the hall, then the inn will more than do.

The area, scarcely labeled on most maps, is known as Gustavus, the mention of which brings blank stares to the faces of most seasoned Alaska travelers and a high percentage of indigenes. Strangely enough, in this all but forgotten sweep of crumbled homesteads, pine woods, and gaping tidal flats lies a serviceable airstrip with runways long enough to handle small jets. Once, it served as an alternate (to Juneau) landing field, occupying as it does one of the few flat stretches of land between Seattle and Anchorage, and now although the solidly built runways are slowly going to flower, you can still get a flight in from Juneau during the summer with Alaska Airlines.

Dr. Lesh operates on a halibut.

The more scenic, if less economical, way is by small float plane from Juneau, some fifty miles east of Gustavus. On a calm, sunlit morning—something of a rarity in the damp southeast—we lifted over the harbor, circled the city several times to gain enough altitude to cross the mountains on the very edge of town, and then swept across the glaring whiteness of the Juneau Ice Field. Passing above Lemon Glacier, we could make out the huts that form a summer glaciology camp run by a master climber and student of ice named Dr. Maynard Miller. Three of his own students were at that moment traversing the slope's deep powder on skis, their tracks cutting an otherwise unbroken field of white. The Southeast Skyways Cessna—which takes people on a forty-five-minute icecap tour for $20 a seat—glided down the face of Mendenhall Glacier within easy view of its deep pits and crevasses.

Crossing a series of inlets and mountains, we dipped low over Glacier Bay, which is designated as a national monument for its active, constantly splintering glaciers and large settlement of seals, walruses, and other northland residents. The water was dotted with chunks of ice that had tumbled away from Muir Glacier. The dark spots on the floating ice seemed to move as we drew closer, and suddenly we could see the seals—huddling in small groups, sometimes parent and child—sunning themselves on this rare June day, flopping into the water as the buzz of the plane came too near. We headed down the bay to Gustavus and then, according to Sally Lesh's customary telegrammed instructions, circled the inn to notify her of our arrival so that a minibus could be dispatched nine miles down the road to our watery landing place on Bartlett Cove.

The cove is the site of the *other* Gustavus hostelry, the Glacier Bay Lodge, and a pushing-off place for a daily boat ride that cruises up the bay to put tourists practically within petting distance of the seals and glaciers. By the landing I met, quite by accident, the operator and promoter of the Glacier Bay Lodge, Frank Kearns, and in the few minutes we talked, he spoke hopefully of luring jet traffic to the area and making Gustavus and Glacier Bay "the top vacation spot in Alaska." Such words bring shudders to the Leshes and other homesteading families who hope to maintain the pleasant anonymity of Gustavus.

After all, it was to escape such commercial schemes that the Leshes—all ten—pulled out of Cape Cod in a school bus eleven years ago this summer and started the long overland trek to Alaska. In the last century, this same family would have ridden a Conestoga westward. People you meet who have fled the big cities and resettled in Australia, Alaska, or the off-trail regions of the West often were motivated to leave by fear—fear of minority-group encroachment, of not gaining social acceptance, of not finding the right job. Jack Lesh's story, which he began to tell as the minibus rolled through the woods and meadows and which he continued as he cleaned a pair of halibut, bought at the going rate (30 cents a pound) from two local boys, is something different. It is a story of a man and his family who enjoyed enough of the right things—there is nothing end-of-the-road about having a small medical practice on Cape Cod—but who felt compelled to move anyway.

"It was getting crowded on the Cape in the summer," said Lesh, slicing away at the huge fish and throwing the remains to one of the family cats. "We found we just couldn't do the outdoor things we wanted to do, so in 1960, with our family finally completed and everyone able to travel, we took off.

"We had read all the climatic charts and were determined to stay away from the rain of southeast Alaska. But we met a guy from Juneau who talked us into coming down this way, and, well, we liked it so much we didn't get back to the Cape until 1967. We miss certain things here, but we've kind of found our niche."

There is something of the Swiss Family Robinson in the Lesh odyssey. Though the Leshes had twice as many kids as the fictional Robinsons and were not shipwrecked so much as sidetracked, they did wind up in a most unexpected place. Dr. Lesh practiced in Juneau for a few years, while in the summer his wife and children took a tiny cabin beside the Salmon River in Gustavus, just across a meadow from an old homestead that several succeeding owners had tried, in vain, to operate as a country inn. In the mid-1960s the Leshes bought the homestead and its forty acres, moved in year-round, and opened up their own inn, the doctor quitting his practice (though touring the state each winter certifying hospitals and overseeing X-ray clinics). He still provides medical care at Gustavus when necessary, but the dozen or so families, he said laughingly, are

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so healthy and robust his services are seldom needed.

His wife, whom he met at Antioch College, goes the pioneer housewife one better. Or more. She not only tends the house and inn, garden and barnyard (there are a few head of sheep and horses) but also measures the weather conditions and files an hourly forecast to Juneau and, moreover, cooks with the touch of Cordon Bleu. This I learned only an hour after arriving, as we hunkered down in the tall grass beside—yes—the Good River and ate a picnic lunch of morel (plucked in the region) soup, curried turkey salad, cheddar and Swiss cheese, warm sourdough French bread, cookies, cake, fruit, and two bottles of a California Riesling. The Leshes store their considerable wine supply and other goods in a halved 30,000-gallon oil tank sunk into the cool ground beside the house.

My back rest was the weathered hulk of an old fishing boat long abandoned at river's edge. After lunch the Leshes, both close to fifty but as lively as their children, led me through the yard of a long-deserted homestead, overgrown with dandelions, purple lupine, and wild strawberry bushes just now blossoming white. We entered the open door of the sagging frame house and, sifting through the debris and yellowed newspapers once used as insulation, found a torn front page from *The Christian Science Monitor*, May 3, 1926. One of the lead stories began: "America's delegates to the preliminary arms conference at Geneva have sailed from New York, with definite instructions as to the U.S. government's hopes and wishes." Another story told of three women seeking the governorship of Texas, including the incumbent Miriam A. Ferguson, who had succeeded her impeached husband.

Mounting the stairs to the second floor, I looked up to see a furry little beast, obviously exercised at the intrusion, glaring down from the rafters. "Looks like a fisher," said Jack Lesh. "Let's let him be." We headed off on foot across a broad meadow—a word I keep emphasizing because most of southeast Alaska is so dominated by mountains and waterways that any flat space larger than a landing dock looks odd and out of place. Gustavus, though connected to the mainland of Alaska, gives the impression of being an island far from settled territory. Indeed it *is* cut off, water surrounding it on several sides and no roads leading in from outside. We walked through fields of purple flowers, pausing to poke through other forgotten plots homesteaded in southeast Alaska in the 1920s. As we waded through a sea of shoulder-high willows, a bird flapped up in our faces and, scolding us, flew off. Lesh said it was a snipe; we searched the ground but couldn't find its nest, reminding me of those fruitless snipe hunts of picnics past.

—*Photos by Forrest Mulvane*

The tidal flats of Gustavus—"Something of the Swiss Family Robinson."

Where the Good River empties into the Icy Strait, we walked across the gray and empty tidal flats, Lesh pointing out an eagle perched on a piling and two Canadian geese honking past. Later in the afternoon, when croquet and touch football on the back lawn had been sampled and dropped, I drove back to the shore with one of Lesh's married sons to retrieve a crab pot slung into the water from the edge of a long pier. After a strenuous tug of war, we raised the pot to find four healthy Dungeness crabs, an interloping hermit crab, and a careless flounder, which was quickly cut up as bait and lowered with the pot.

Dinner that night was served at the wholesome hour of 6:30, but there was nothing pedestrian about the food: blintzes of chopped roast beef and kasha, tossed salad, boiled and buttered zucchini, and Caddy Ganty halibut, which Sally Lesh named for the old woman in a nearby fishing village who had dreamed up the heady concoction of marinated halibut baked in a bed of mayonnaise, sour cream, and chopped onions. "The recipe came to me by word of mouth," said Sally, "through two fishermen, one wife, and Caddy Ganty herself." There being a crowd of hungry government officials at the inn for a weekend conference, three desserts were served—Mrs. Dropper's blueberry pudding, named for the inventor in Sally's home of Williamstown, Massachusetts; ex-Governor Miller pie, laced with Irish whisky and so called because the former Governor had eaten it at the Gustavus Inn; and grasshopper pie, breathing with crème de menthe and crème de cacao. Feasts like that are the rule. Three meals and a bed comes to $20 a day.

All the officials left after dinner and flew back to Juneau and other points, opening the way to a more typical night at the Gustavus Inn. The Leshes and the remaining guests crowded into a small den where Sally sat down at a loom and began to weave strands of yarn from the wool of the family sheep. There were Bach cello and harpsichord sonatas on the little record player, and then Piaf. The well-crammed book shelves held everything from *Mein Kampf* to Spinoza, *Mad* magazine to the *Washington Monthly*.

With nightfall nowhere in sight by 9 o'clock, a few of us went down the shore to fish. As the tide headed in, Dolly Vardens, sizable seagoing trout, started hitting with such insistence that what began as a quiet fishing excursion soon turned into a madcap derby, at least for those of us not accustomed to such lightning success. I think what contributed to the merriment was the presence of two fisherwomen, Mrs. Mary Sargent and her daughter Pamela, thirteen, from Juneau, whose yelps and cheers broke the usual dull masculine aura of the sport. Pamela, growing up in what is generally conceded as man's country, can handle a fish from the time it bites to the point when it needs cleaning; for her last birthday her father presented her with a 30-06 rifle.

My luck was slow in coming, but as darkness finally fell about 12:30 and rain started rolling in across the strait, I tied into an almost two-foot-long Dolly Varden, the biggest catch of the night. Fishing, for perhaps the first time in twenty years, was fun again. Most of the ensuing yelps were mine, and finally it took darkness and a downpour to halt the game. Back at the inn, the Leshes asleep upstairs, I found *A Field Guide to the Mammals* open to a page picturing various fur-bearing mammals, and a note from Dr. Lesh referring to the beast in the rafters: "We decided it was a marten we saw today. Agree? Jack."

Martens? Dolly Vardens? Caddy Ganty halibut? All in a day's play at Gustavus.

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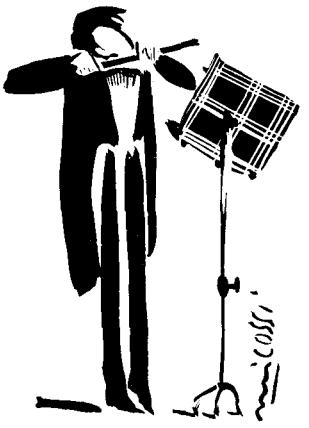
Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin



How Australians Learn Their ABCs

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND. IN THIS NORTHERNMOST of Australia's large cities, one learns first not how Queensland got its name, but that Brisbane, its capital, is nearer to Melbourne, a thousand miles to the south, than it is to Queensland's own furthermost outpost to the north. If this expanse, along with wheat fields, unlimited grazing ground, and newly discovered mineral resources, inclines some Queenslanders to regard themselves as the Texans of Australia, the premise, as well as the promise, is reasonable enough.

What they have that links them to the rest of Australia is something more than the common language—with variations—that makes the resident of Fort Worth or Austin an American as well as a Texan. That is the fount of wisdom and learning known as the Australian Broadcasting Commission. It may, as Winston Churchill said of democracy, be the worst form of service except for all the others, but it is, to this observer, an admirable example of an adaptation to needs rather than an imposition of formula.

To judge from the evidence of ear and eye (the Commission also provides a TV service), Australians learn these ABCs almost as early as they do those of the alphabet itself. The plural is indicated because the central administration and primary network is subdivided to provide individual activity and identity for each of the several states. But similar patterns prevail. In addition to the amount of formal educational material provided for the far-flung interior, the parent ABC adheres to the belief that radio is still an unmatched means for arousing the imagination of the young and has not abandoned all such functions to the more blatant appeal of television. This morning interlude of song and storytelling is preceded, each day, by a lengthy musical segment that ranges through opera, symphony, and the like with neither presumption nor condescension. It, and its well-spoken verbal commentary, are there to be taken or ignored according to the disposition of the listener.

Here in Brisbane, of a Sunday morning, the pattern was varied by a program of piano music emanating from its Tasmanian counterpart in Hobart. This bore the title of *Piano & Me* and showed Ian Pearce of Hobart to be a more than fair disciple of American jazz piano as practiced by Teddy Wilson. In the evening, back in Sydney, American music of another sort was given prime-time exposure in a program that offered Aaron Copland's music for Irwin Shaw's *Quiet City* and Charles Ives's *Putnam's Camp*. It did conclude with the work of an Australian composer, but where in America might one be offered an equally refreshing brew mixed two parts Australian to one part American?

Patterned, of course, on the BBC of the motherland, the ABC has altered, evolved, and amended its charter to suit the continental scene of which it is the primary lifeline. It is stimulating and useful to the United Kingdom that there is a BBC Symphony of high quality to perform a special function, but there are, after all, four other orchestras in London, the Hallé in Manchester, the Liverpool Philharmonic, a Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow, and other entities elsewhere. But without ABC impulse and support it is improbable that Sydney and Melbourne would have orchestras of their present quality, or that Adelaide, Brisbane, and Perth would have professional ensembles at all.

So much was apparent from my first encounter with the musical life of Australia a month ago. What has emerged from deeper and wider penetration into it is the pervasiveness of the ABC's part in the total interchange of musical experience here. Last evening's program of Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony*, Mozart's B-flat Concerto No. 27 (K. 595), the Ravel Concerto for the Left Hand, a work by Sydney-born Richard Meale, and Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* was played by the Queensland Symphony for an audience in Brisbane's imposing Town Hall, but it was simultaneously being taped for inclusion in ABC's bank for subsequent broadcast to all the other states.

The Queensland Orchestra is at present being directed by Ezra Rachlin, who is well-known to Americans of the Southwest for his years of identification with musical affairs in Austin (1949-1969), Houston, and Fort Worth.

Whether this lineage had anything to do with his appeal to the "Texans" of Queensland is purely speculative. He has excellent technical equipment (derived in part, no doubt, from early indoctrination by the late master craftsman Fritz Reiner) and pushed the Queensland players through a brisk, if sometimes rough, performance of the Prokofiev. Whether there would have been greater virtue in a treatment that catered more to back-row limitations rather than front-row qualifications is a matter that only one confronted with such a practical problem could truly evaluate. Strategy and tactics were better equated in the well-shaped playing of Mozart's last piano concerto, whose soloist was Stephen McIntyre, a Melburnian now living in London. This was rhythmically vital, tonally refined Mozart playing. A little more stimulation would have provided greater admiration for McIntyre.

Among the enlightened practices evolved by ABC is the custom of advertising job vacancies in one orchestra among the members of all the others (who are part of the same force). If they aspire to improved status, such as leader (concertmaster), or a position in an orchestra of higher standards, they may submit audition tapes and be judged on their merits. In practice, there may be some deterrent in forgoing the bracing climate of Hobart, say, for the subtropical amenities of Brisbane, but the theory is excellent.

Casual attention to Australian television has provided an occasional instance of a program that is, predominantly, a musical performance, but the clear indication is that ABC's planners have decided—and rightly so, in my opinion—that music is inherently an auditory and not a visual experience. Indeed, the whole exposure to Australia's ABCs suggests that radio has been thoughtlessly as well as unjustly downgraded in our society. Or should, perhaps, the title of this department be altered to "Music to My Eyes"?

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Double Festival

A FESTIVAL within a festival—that is how the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival launched its thirty-ninth summer season and the thirtieth year of the Ted Shawn Theater, named for that great gentleman of the dance who will be eighty years old this fall. Mr. Shawn, the Pillow's founder and its continuing artistic director, and John Christian, his executive director, arranged for the Northeast Regional Ballet Festival to be held, for the first time, at Jacob's Pillow.

Thus, eleven regional ballet companies and more than 150 young dancers streamed up to Jacob's Pillow, high on a Berkshire hill nine miles east of Lee, from such near and far communities as Pittsfield, Princeton, Dayton, Detroit, Cleveland, and Toronto.

Most dance followers know that the regional movement, a comparatively recent phenomenon on the American dance scene, has settled into four regions: southeast, northeast, southwest, and northwest. The regional companies themselves number about one hundred; they are linked by a national association and an advisory board; and their annual festival programs are selected by outside adjudicators, dance experts who visit every school-company within a region and actually select the companies and the programs to be seen at the annual festival. The young performers are amateurs, but some are on the threshold of professionalism and all are stimulated and challenged by the competitive spirit present in every festival.

This year's adjudicator for the Northeast Regional Ballet Festival was E. Virginia Williams, director of the Boston Ballet, a national professional company that was itself once a regional ballet of talented amateurs. Miss Williams's selections made for varied fare. The materials ranged from classical ballet studies through dramatic ballets and near-modern dance works to jazz rhythms, circus scenes, dances with ethnic flavors, and avant-garde pieces in which lights and décor were intermeshed with abstract motion and gesture.

To be honest, I wish our adjudicating lady had given a firm No to some of the applicants or had advised a little more carefully on costumes. At these affairs, as in local dance recitals, I always worry about the inescapable fat girl with the big thighs and the pretty face who will probably make it in the kitchen but never on stage (you simply sit there and guess that her father is a generous donor to the ballet group).

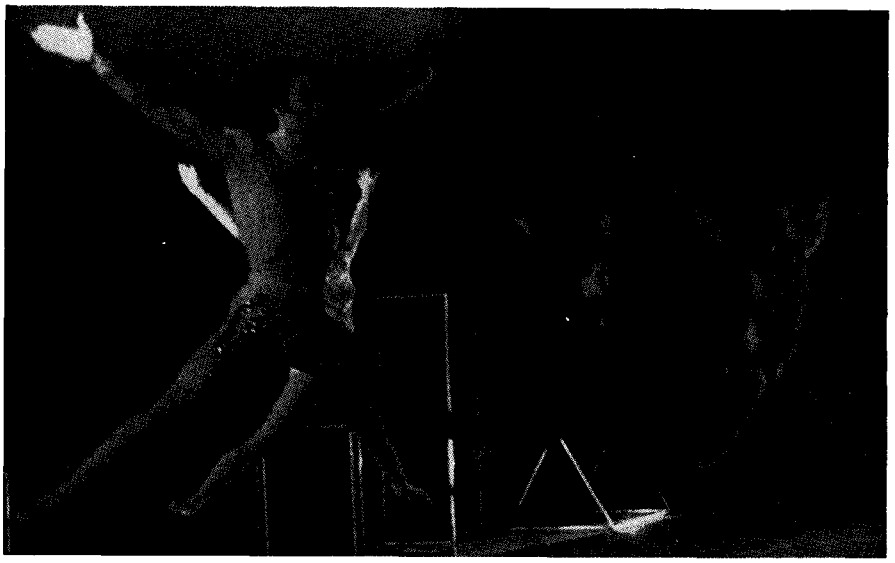
To attract the American male to dance—art dance, that is—was almost hopeless until Ted Shawn began his dancing career as a 180-pound six-footer just sixty years ago. Despite his pioneering work in the field of dancing for men, it is still not easy, especially in what we think of rather loosely as provincial cities, to get boys to ballet school, or to get their fathers to permit them to go. But the situation improves vastly each year.

The 1971 Northeast Regional Ballet Festival was, of course, dominated by girls, but what was remarkable was that a balance of the sexes in American theater dance (the rest of the world doesn't have our hangups) was mirrored here. There were a good many young men dancers, some of them not capable of much more than walk-ons, and a few who danced commendably (and sometimes expertly) and partnered the young ladies with both strength and gallantry. There were boys, too, indicating that they had been allowed to start ballet schooling at a proper age, and at least two gave promise of real professional futures in dance.

The choreographic standards varied wildly from make-do ballets of limited imagination concocted, in some instances, by the groups' artistic directors to ballets by, say, Antony Tudor or Yuriko.

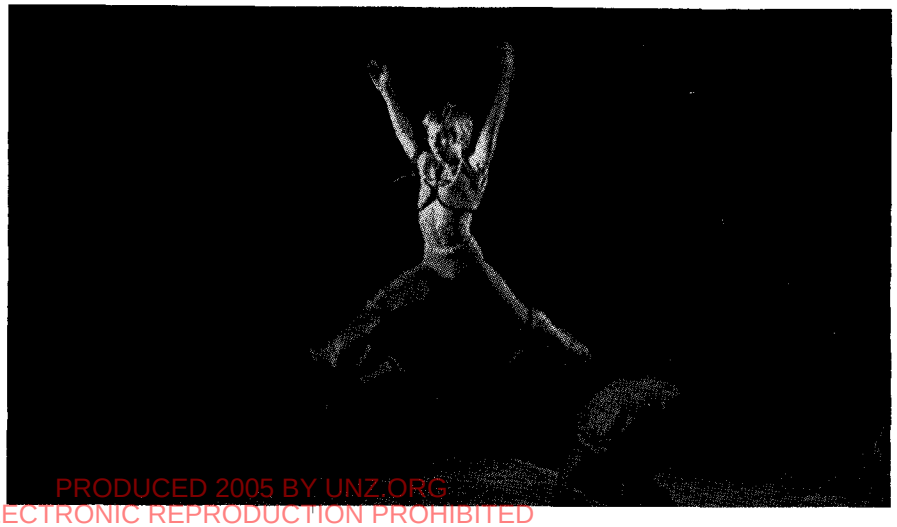
It is not appropriate, I think, to review in detail, or by name, the efforts of these young hopefuls on the professionally oriented Jacob's Pillow Festival. In the programs presented, there were distressing moments as well as exhilarating ones, but the entire festival within a festival represented the indisputable validity of the regional ballet movement: of decentralizing dance in America, of training new generations for possible dance careers on the national and international scenes.

Appropriate, however, was the dedication of the twelfth Northeast Regional Ballet Festival to Ted Shawn, for Mr. Shawn, while bringing the world's great dance stars and troupes to Jacob's Pillow, has never neglected the young, the promising. At eighty, he is still serving youth.



—Photographs by John Van Lund

Above: the Princeton Regional Ballet's "Prisms"; below: "Anya's Journey" by the Dayton Civic Ballet.



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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Philadelphia Wedding

I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1821.

JEFFERSON never dreamed of commercial television as an agent of his educational process; yet the connection was happily made in a recent miracle in Philadelphia. KYW-TV, a Group W, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company (NBC) affiliate), enlightened its viewers about the city's plans to celebrate the bicentennial of the American Revolution five years hence. In an unprecedented act of public service, John Rohrbach, general manager of KYW-TV, canceled an entire evening's prime time, commercial schedule of programs and presented a five-and-a-half-hour, live television event designed to involve citizens in the decision-making process concerning the bicentennial.

Philadelphians, along with residents of neighboring New Jersey and Delaware, have been hotly debating whether or not the city should hold an international exposition in 1976. Many residents of the tri-state area argue that the Revolution should be commemorated in a dignified, inspirational manner, without the "trash, commercialism, and artificiality" of an exposition.

The issue has been complex and confused; the Philadelphia Bicentennial Corporation, charged with developing a plan, has been openly faulted for poor communications with the public and the consequent lack of confidence in its leadership. Against that background, Franklin Roberts, an advertising and theater executive, Howard Anderson, public relations director with Bell Telephone in Philadelphia, and the writer of this column (with production assistance by Deirdre B. West and Steve Nowland) approached Mr. Rohrbach with the proposal for the event, later titled *Hello, Philadelphia, the World Is Watching*. KYW-TV's general manager not only made an entire Friday evening available, starting at 7:30, but also provided technical facilities, services, and unstinted staff cooperation (estimated cost to the station: approximately $15,000).

Still more unprecedented was management's willingness to allow the producers complete control over the format and content of the event. Twelve local citizens—whose personal views represented major, relevant positions on the expo or no-expo issue—debated the pros and cons and took a climactic vote at the end. The final tally was nine for the expo, three opposed, and one abstaining. Rod MacLeish, the Group W's chief commentator who moderated the event as an "outsider," also voted.

The twelve citizens were concerned, alert individuals. For a week prior to the television event, they talked with representatives of the Department of Commerce and of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. They also had a session with officials of the Philadelphia Bicentennial Corporation. In addition, they visited two of the controversial sites proposed for an expo. They sought out facts, exchanged views, changed their minds in the educational process, and by air time they were probably the best-informed laymen in the community on the bicentennial.

Those who voted for an expo hoped it would bring trade and jobs to the Philadelphia area and awaken a new civic spirit, unifying blacks and whites. Those who voted against it argued that money and talent diverted to a "carnival" would be a waste of human resources that could better solve pressing human and social problems in a near-bankrupt city.

There were telephone call-ins and heated exchanges between the principals and members of the studio audience. Jean Drapeau and J. D. Braman, former mayors who successfully managed, respectively, Montreal's Expo '67 and the Seattle Fair of 1962, contributed friendly advice based on personal experience.

All views, including the most hostile and extreme, had their chance in a public forum. Ballots were printed in local newspapers and distributed at banks and food chains (at this writing some 3,000 are still being counted and analyzed). J. W. Nelson, a Department of Commerce representative who also participated in the program, said the results would help his department in its assessment of community support for a 1976 expo in Philadelphia (the department is charged with making a final recommendation to President Nixon).

Time will reveal a more accurate verdict on the impact of the program, but initial reactions suggest that there have been a useful therapy and a clearing of the air. In Philadelphia, the marriage of Jefferson's faith in the people with commercial television was a local event not without national significance. There is no reason why other stations in other cities cannot emulate the model so constructively pioneered by KYW-TV.

"Just one of those obscure primordial contests."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Quick, Henry, the Flit!

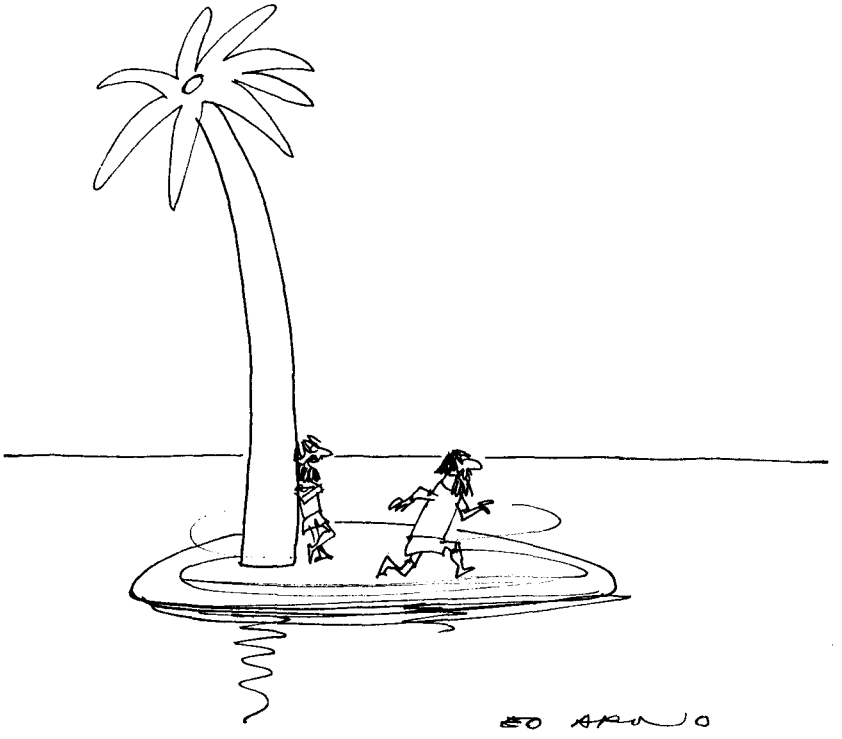
IF, AS IS eloquently argued in *The Hellstrom Chronicle*, "life's only purpose is life itself," then—as this unique film also affirms—the insect world is obviously far better equipped for survival than we humans. The insects are far more adaptable. They can build an immunity to DDT, for example, in a single generation, or change shape, form, and color quickly to conform to environmental differences. More important, unlike mankind, the insects are instinctively dedicated to preserving the species. Within the structure of an ant colony or a beehive, each member performs its own simple function, to which every moment of its brief life is totally dedicated. And all of this frantic activity is for one purpose only —a continuation of life. Man and the insects alone continue to be fruitful and multiply, according to the film's fictitious Dr. Hellstrom, and in the ultimate showdown the insects are bound to win.

Some interesting philosophic questions are raised here, and I am inclined to believe that part of the purpose of this fascinating David Wolper production is to stimulate such reflection. If the price of survival is losing one's identity in a faceless society where the value of each life is subordinated to the greater good of the species, are we then in the end not less than human? Indeed, is there any point at all to survival in a mindless, depersonalized, devaluated world directed to nothing beyond mere survival? Perhaps it is unfortunate that man, having a brain, has not used it to bring forth a more equitable, more peaceable kingdom, but can we as humans possibly settle for the strictly functional life of the bee or the ant?

There are few enough films that can generate such disturbing yet fundamental questions, and fewer still that do it by means of fresh, even unprecedented, scientific footage that presents the many aspects of insect life in magnificent color and alarming close-ups. There are shots—such as the shimmering death dance of the May flies—that are beautiful beyond belief, and others—such as the relentless march of the driver ants—that are as frightening as an avalanche. Best of all, David Seltzer, the writer of *The Hellstrom Chronicle,* has devised a means of setting all of this forth in an original and constantly arresting manner. Its narrator, Dr. Hellstrom, appears to be a gratingly cocksure young man with a mission. He talks, he irritates, and his very manner demands our grudging attention. It is not so much a letdown as it is a relief to discover in the end that he is in fact an actor, Lawrence Pressman, and that we can preserve our image of the detached man of science. But by that time the damage has been done. We have *listened* as well as looked. I can only add that since I saw the film, no insect can cross my path with impunity. If it's kill or be killed, I'm starting my side of the fight right now.

And that, incidentally, would also seem to be the moral of Stirling Silliphant's script for *Murphy's War,* adapted from a Max Catto novel. We are back in the terra cognita of World War II, with Peter O'Toole and John Hallam the sole survivors of a German submarine attack in unidentified tropical waters; the Germans had ruthlessly killed off all the others of their crew. Escaping, O'Toole vows vengeance, and despite the coming of the armistice—and with literally Herculean effort—he ultimately blows up the sub with one of its own torpedoes. The film makes some vague and banal statements about the futility of war, which presumably is what attracted to it such important talents as Silliphant, O'Toole, and director Peter Yates. But the way this story is engineered, one can't help feeling that the Germans could have saved themselves a great deal of trouble if only they had been a bit more thorough in the first reel.

We are still contemplating forms of insect life in Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller,* although the garb is human (c. 1900). Its hero, Warren Beatty, is an ignorant, itinerant cardsharp who uses his winnings to open a brothel in the dilapidated frontier town of Presbyterian Church. His enterprise begins to prosper with the arrival of Julie Christie, who promptly takes over as both his madam and his mistress. Just when everything is going fine, emissaries of "the syndicate" arrive and offer to buy him out—cut rate, of course. When Beatty refuses to sell, they send a squad of gunmen to wipe him out, and in the climactic gun battle they succeed, although Beatty manages to kill off all the predators before he succumbs. It would be possible to deplore Altman's lack of pace in this film, the inaudibility of the dialogue, the singularly off-hand and inconsistent performance of Warren Beatty as McCabe. But what I really deplore about *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* is its attitude toward the entire human race. There is not a decent character, not a decent instinct in all its two hours' running time. If this is anywhere near a true picture of mankind in operation, then Dr. Hellstrom's insects might just as well take over.



"Damn it, Leroy, what's so important about keeping your self-winding watch running?"

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"The White Guard"

Continued from page 41

brings out the utter confusion of the city's inhabitants and the demoralization of its defenders when the Germans, from whom help had been expected, leave, and the top officers among the Whites desert. The remaining Whites, mostly young cadets from Kiev's military schools, are no match for Petlyura, and Kiev is quickly taken. Scattered throughout this part of the narrative are vivid vignettes of the fighting, in which Alexei and Nikolka are wounded, and grim incidents of Petlyura's troops running down and killing fugitive Whites. It is a compelling account of bravery and cowardice, of tragedy and comedy.

Kiev, in many respects, is the heroine of the novel, interpenetrating and unifying all of its action. Born and brought up there, Bulgakov knew the city intimately and loved it. He devotes his most lyrical and poetic passages to this "Mother of Russian Cities," this "pearl set in turquoise." In general, however, Bulgakov's language is starkly realistic, sometimes excessively so, as in his harrowing word-picture of a visit to the morgue—choked with battle dead and murdered civilians—to recover the corpse of a heroic White officer for decent church burial.

The White Guard is by no means as impressive as *The Master and Margarita*, which was probably finished some fifteen years later, when Bulgakov was fully in control of his art. It lacks the philosophical content, psychological density, and the sheer surface brilliance of that masterpiece. But his first novel is a worthy forerunner and an important building block to an understanding of Bulgakov's developing literary talents. Moreover, *The White Guard* contributes to the growing conviction of his admirers that they have in him one of those few emancipated Soviet writers who firmly believed—and still believe—that to create is to choose.

Ernest J. Simmons has written numerous books on Russian authors and literature. His forthcoming work is a study of Tolstoy.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1463

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1463 will be found in the next issue.

YNLDJXAT DLNTA HLEY EQL

NWUELDUJA EH UDRQLA, UER

HLEY UDRQLA NRTAXH.

—YEURDNWUA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1462

People wouldn't become ministers unless they had rather second-rate minds.

—SANTAYANA.

FLEET SURGEON TO PHARAOH

by Sheldon A. Jacobson

Oregon State University Press, 320 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ Little is known about the reputed circumnavigation of Africa from east to west by Phoenician explorers in the service of Necho II, pharaoh of Egypt from 610-595 B.C., in a daring voyage supposed to have covered a sea distance of nearly 13,500 miles and taken three years to complete. The only source of information that even verges on being contemporary is a cursory account in the writings of the Greek historian Herodotus, who heard about the expedition while he was visiting Egypt sometime in the fifth century B.C. Herodotus faithfully recorded what he was told, even though he did not believe it; the reason he gave for his skepticism has, ironically, proved to be the very basis on which most modern scholars have decided that the story was indeed true.

According to Herodotus's informants, the Phoenicians claimed to have observed the sun on their right-hand (*i.e.*, northern) side while rounding Libya (*i.e.*, Africa). Unaware that the earth is round, Herodotus, as a resident of the Northern Hemisphere, doubted that this was possible, but it is in fact exactly what would have been observed by someone in the Southern Hemisphere. Thus the assertion is good presumptive evidence that the voyage took place as reported.

More likely than not the expedition was commercially motivated, and it may well have had some connection with another famous project of Necho's, the construction of a Nile-Red Sea canal. Even though the explorers successfully completed the voyage, nothing came of the venture, either because their report was discouraging in some way, or because the Egyptian government had developed other interests during their absence. Whatever the reason, we know of no subsequent voyages around Africa made in ancient times, and the exploit was not duplicated until the dawn of the modern era when Vasco da Gama sailed from Lisbon in Portugal to India, circumnavigating Africa from west to east.

Since there is so little information about the Phoenician expedition, Dr. Sheldon Jacobson, the author of *Fleet Surgeon to Pharaoh*, was forced to depend heavily on his imagination and his general knowledge of the period, as well as his many-faceted personal background, which combines training as a physician and experience as a sailor and a naval officer.

Jacobson's fictional version of the voyage places much emphasis on physical, technical, and geographical detail, and it is based upon more or less solid historical research whenever possible. The narrative derives much authenticity and directness from the author's profound familiarity with sailing, seamanship, ships, and the art of navigation, and his narrative gives the reader a vivid sense of the difficulties and material aspects of the voyage, although it does not fully convey the grandeur of what was one of history's epic journeys into the unknown. Jacobson's treatment of ancient medical practice and the health problems encountered by the voyagers is particularly interesting, and his genuine love for the sea is apparent throughout; in fact, many of the novel's finest passages are descriptions of the mood and appearance of the sea in different climes and situations.

Unfortunately, although long on detail, *Fleet Surgeon to Pharaoh* is woefully short on characterization and plot. Its central figure, a Hebrew priest who sails with the expedition as its doctor (hence the title), is too much given to sophomoric meditation; moreover, while the novel attempts to portray his passage through a series of personal crises, there is no apparent reason why he could not think and do

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Ef, 2Ja, 3Fg, 4Hc (James Agee), 5Ia, 6Ga, 7Ab (Sidney Howard), 8Be (*Scarlet Letter*), 9Dg, 10 Cd.

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on the first page what he finally thinks and does on the last, and as a result he never comes to life for the reader (or for the author, I suspect). The secondary characters are no better defined, and in most instances it would be almost impossible to tell one from the other if they had not been assigned names and other arbitrary external distinguishing features.

As a literary work *Fleet Surgeon to Pharaoh* is in many respects an unsophisticated and pedestrian book. Nonetheless, it is an exciting, fast-paced adventure tale—an uncomplicated, old-fashioned story, plain and simple—and as such it will satisfy the casual reader who is seeking diversion, while at the same time, perhaps, contributing to his knowledge of the ancient world.

Robert J. Milch has long been a student of Jewish history and literature.

A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER

by Thomas Keneally

Viking, 147 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Muriel Haynes

■ "I'll tell you a story," says Damian Glover to his fellow student, Helen. "About nature and man." He is circling around the shrouded subject of his parents' afflictions, and wishing he could desire Helen as he does that "dark avatar," his sister, Barbara. "You see, we're all stuck with this idea of nature as being not only glossy and restful . . . but something outside of us . . . Most of the moral blindness is derived from our poisonous concept of what's *natural*. Our judgment words—abnormal, subnormal, deformed. . . ."

Strictly speaking, heresy is dead, but its contentious spirit lingers in Thomas Keneally's work. *A Dutiful Daughter* is the boldest expression yet of his war against moribund doctrine and its crippling of living religious faith. He has stopped writing within the system, so to speak, as he did in his previous novel, *Three Cheers for the Paraclete*—where his spokesman was a sardonic young priest—to take an imaginative leap well over the parish wall. Where earlier Keneally's quarrel with the Church was revealed in civilized, scholarly rumination, now he exalts it to an almost apocalyptic vision, a modern Book of Revelation. His indictment of the Church's sclerosis takes on a grander sweep, a sharper urgency, through the symbolic acts and images available to him in the parable mode.

The narrative is modeled loosely on the Christian legend of redemption, the course of the savior who assumes the suffering and fate of man, including, in the author's view, his carnality. If we are to be restored to human wholeness, our animality must be accepted without a sense of sin and admitted to the province of divine grace. More radical still, he bestows the attributes of the Christ figure on a woman. "A woman . . . is a state of crucifixion." Is it not, after all, the woman who bleeds, whose sexuality expresses itself in stigmata? Barbara Glover's inkling of her destiny —a likeness she fancies between herself and Joan of Arc—begins with the onset of her first menses.

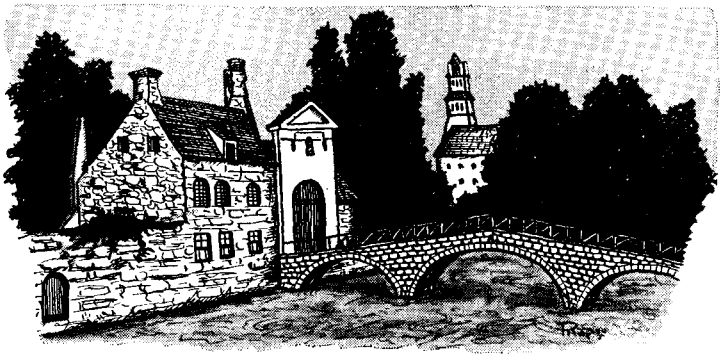
The trials of the Glover family take place on a coastal stretch of the Australian outback, a half-primeval, half-modern landscape against which extraordinary events become quite credible. Thunderbolts crack at shoulder level; the earth is a sodden bog from spasmodic, drenching rain. On the Glovers' failed dairy farm, trees stand in scummy swamps, cattle bloat. The substandard milk of their sickly herd must be sold to a piggery. Yet made-in-Japan trucks rattle over the sandhills, and flickering on the TV screens are the diversions of popular culture. Nature's violent excesses collide with technology to rebuke tame conformity. Barbara's discovery of her mana, the terrible authority that reduces her parents to a bovine state, is Keneally's way of telling us that, in the face of our evolving knowledge (as, for example, Freudian sexual concepts), the old rules are less than human, with their legacy of guilt, fear, shame, and a bigoted spiritual pride.

Ignorant and frightened, Barbara described her bloody discharge to the assembled family. "Don't talk filthy," her mother shouted, though Damian had noticed that a "gentle and unappalled Christ . . . seemed to befriend Barbara from his fixed place above the hearth." Some time later he observed that his parents "loped on four hoofs and had angular quarters like all the poor Glover cattle." "The accident," as the family described it, had certain compensations. Barbara lost freedom but gained power; the elder Glovers lost status but acquired peace of mind. Her father recovered his insouciance and her mother, stricken with mastitis, became absorbed with the indignities of the flesh, the mark of God's favor by which a Catholic wife "in the old mold" moved proudly into the band of the elect. Barbara, running the show, released Damian to the university and performed a series of sacramental acts, including the tender milking of her mother's painfully swollen udders. A saint, Damian called her. When, on a single occasion, she yielded to his longing, he noticed that "a second before orgasm, she seemed to become maternal."

But her mission cannot be completed until her own spiritual arrogance is broken through sensual abandonment. The experience awaits her in a chance encounter on a rain-soaked beach. "Now it was appropriate for *her*, *her* rare chance, to break open, jabber, sweat, scream." She savors the ecstasy of the "improper receptacle (*vasa indebita*)," and it comes to her that "sexuality is man's necessary purgatory, that he can be saved through humbly digesting it." At the end, Barbara and her parents, a symbolic trio, together re-enact the final stage of the Christian drama of salvation. "In the awful tower of his freedom, Damian called out repeatedly for his remarkable sister."

To call this book a "Catholic novel" is limiting. For one thing, such a description could scare off whole ranks of readers, which its intricate artistry deserves. Keneally has written a sophisticated, robustly high-spirited version of the modern crisis of faith. The fierce, original geography reminds us that these dilemmas have too long been confined to the gloomy tunnels of city streets. Like another Catholic existentialist, the philosopher Gabriel Marcel, Keneally's theme is not naïve optimism but hope as an affirmation of a state that is yet to be. Even to nonbelievers, this stimulates irresistible directions for speculation.

Muriel Haynes is a free-lance critic.



Answer to Wit Twister, page 38: swear, wears, wares.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1946

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Exclamatory sentence or striking summary comment concluding a discourse	12 44 51 56 86 103 115 124 153 167
B. Harbors should provide them for ships	171 190 205 4 9 16 24 31 49 62
C. Visible by means of x-rays	76 83 90 100 117 123 132 144 145 157 180
	201 211 214 3
D. One of the Fates	41 45 60 89 97 111 121 131
E. Looked for	137 159 40 85 95 119
F. Citizens of Barcelona, Gerona, Lérida, and Tarragona	181 186 10 26 48 55 64 72
G. Emotionally intense (comp.)	120 128 191 11 112 140 148 210 21 35 42
H. One who is overanxious to please his superiors or seniors (2 wds.)	70 92 82 75 99 106 116 142 158
I. Pushed or jogged, esp. with the elbow	6 77 147 215 108 174
J. Rumanian hobbyhorse dances done by members of a sworn brotherhood	107 129 139 84 150 204 217 2
K. Crater about 30 mi. in diameter, in the second quadrant of the face of the moon	47 79 105 110 198 17
L. Kipling's boy-hero	104 125 199 20 69 114
M. As a follower, admirer, or companion (2 wds.)	188 8 22 39 50
N. Barefaced audacity	162 208 14 33 57 130 138 149 172 80
O. Dispersed in defeat and flight	178 192 93 151 165 212
P. Italian family which ruled the duchy of Milan, 1450-1535	23 73 135 206 67 152
Q. Harmonious or sympathetic relation	13 29 160 168 176 46 52
R. "——! Let joy be unconfined." (4 wds.; Byron, "Childe Harold")	200 18 1 59 87 161 96 182 189 34 63
	155 134 166
S. Where Cardigan Led his disastrous charge	81 133 196 213 141 91 32 25 61
T. Democratic	74 94 66 146 209 156 7 126 19 143 27
U. Grates upon	98 78 193 169 203
V. "I have done one braver thing/Than all —— did." (2 wds.; Donne, "The Undertaking")	88 30 185 38 15 113 163 53 5 170 37
W. Directed, prescribed, or imposed by order; forbade	195 28 54 109 207 36 179 101
X. Region of E Kashmir, on the border of Tibet	164 71 65 136 202 184
Y. Old World aromatic plant, *Artemisia Dracunculus*, used for seasoning	173 43 183 102 68 127 118 58
Z. Legal bar preventing one from alleging something he has previously denied	154 122 175 197 177 194 216 187

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 R	2 J	3 C	4 B	5 V	6 I		7 T	8 M	9 B	10 F	11 G	12 A	13 Q		14 N	15 V
16 B	17 K	18 R	19 T	20 L	21 G	22 M		23 P	24 B	25 S	26 F	27 T	28 W	29 Q	30 V	
31 B	32 S	33 N	34 R	35 G	36 W	37 V		38 V	39 M	40 E	41 D	42 G		43 Y	44 A	45 D
46 Q	47 K	48 F	49 B		50 M	51 A	52 Q	53 V		54 W	55 F	56 A	57 N	58 Y	59 R	60 D
61 S	62 B		63 R	64 F	65 X		66 T	67 P	68 Y	69 L	70 H	71 X	72 F		73 P	74 T
75 H	76 C	77 I	78 U	79 K	80 N		81 S	82 H	83 C	84 J	85 E	86 A	87 R		88 V	89 D
90 C		91 S	92 H	93 O	94 T	95 E	96 R	97 D	98 U		99 H	100 C	101 W		102 Y	103 A
104 L	105 K	106 H	107 J	108 I		109 W	110 K		111 D	112 G	113 V	114 L	115 A	116 H		117 C
118 Y		119 E	120 G	121 D	122 Z		123 C	124 A	125 L	126 T	127 Y	128 G	129 J	130 N		131 D
132 C	133 S	134 R	135 P	136 X	137 E	138 N		139 J	140 G	141 S	142 H		143 T	144 C		145 C
146 T	147 I		148 G	149 N	150 J	151 O	152 P	153 A	154 Z	155 R	156 T		157 C	158 H	159 E	160 Q
161 R	162 N	163 V		164 X	165 O	166 R		167 A	168 Q	169 U	170 V	171 B	172 N	173 Y	174 I	
175 Z	176 Q		177 Z	178 O	179 W	180 C	181 F	182 R		183 Y	184 X	185 V		186 F	187 Z	188 M
189 R	190 B		191 G	192 O	193 U	194 Z	195 W	196 S		197 Z	198 K		199 L	200 R	201 C	202 X
	203 U	204 J	205 B	206 P	207 W	208 N	209 T	210 G	211 C		212 O	213 S	214 C	215 I	216 Z	217 J

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

NINETEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Delhi

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1972, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following panel of judges.

Marie Cosindas—Well-known color photographer and lecturer.

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Ken Heyman—Distinguished photographer, author and world traveler.

Yousuf Karsh—Internationally renowned photographer, author, educator, lecturer.

Inge Morath—Noted Magnum photographer, author.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1971.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., *members of their families,* and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1970, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used *in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.*
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 16 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1971, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be *offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1,* 1972. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1971 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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How to get about 20 more drops out of Johnnie Walker Red.

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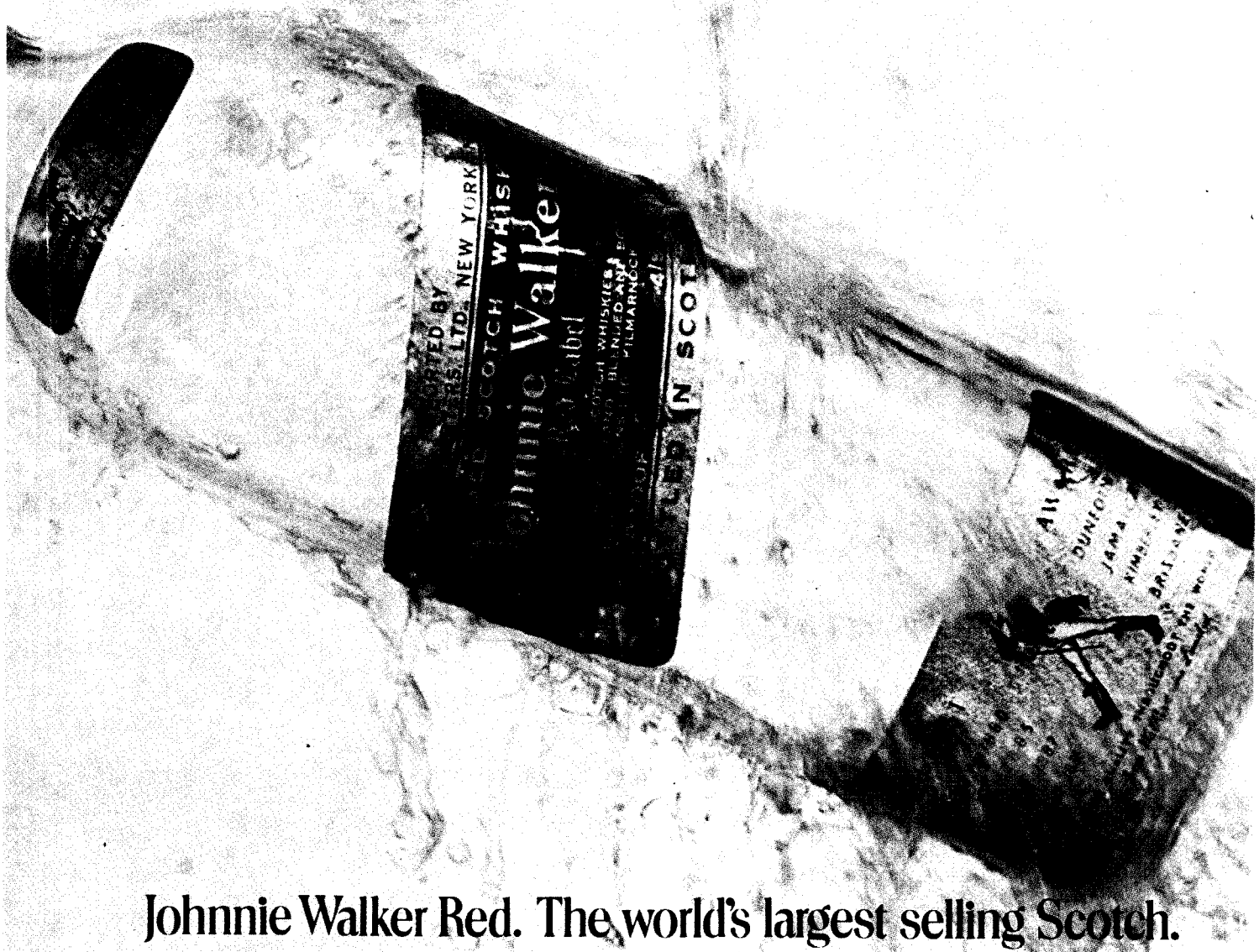

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